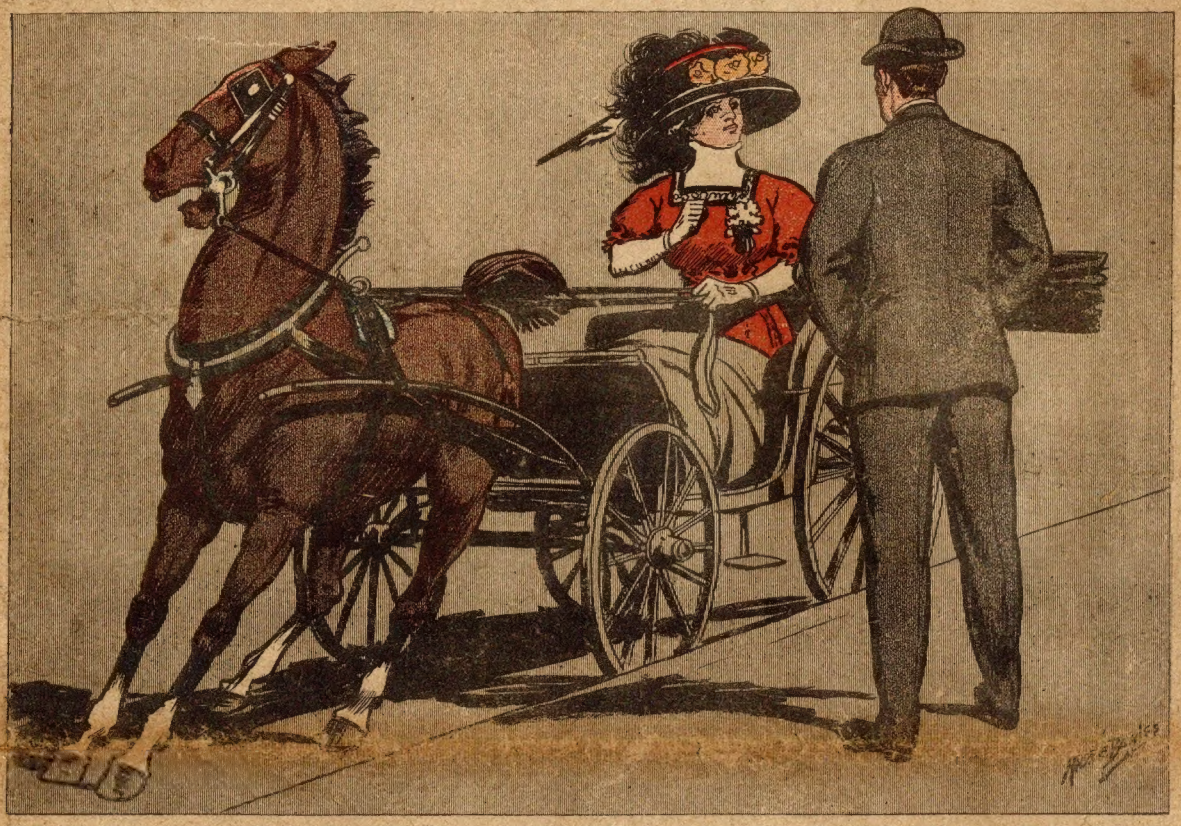
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 40. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1911. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.



The Mysterious Detective;

Or, HOW KEENEYES HID HIMSELF

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

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CHAPTER I.

IS IT KEENEYES?

WHEN the train stopped at Cobbville, a small Arkansas town on a branch of the Frisco which reaches Oklahoma, and which connects with northern trains at Rogers, it was ordinarily anywhere from four to six in the afternoon.

On this particular day, it was half-past five. The season was the first of April, the weather was perfect, the apple-blossoms were coming and going, according to the variety, and the plums and peaches had, for the most part, finished their blooming.

The "local" was to Cobbville what the New Theater is to New York City; that is to say, whatever happens there is an event; and while not many attend the performances, those who do are pretty regular.

On this April day, a good crowd descended from the train upon the gravel-bed which crunched underfoot in lieu of a platform; not that all of these people were newcomers to Cobbville; by no means. Most of them had gone up to Rogers at five, to come back at half-past but, as is usual at this time of the year, there were several strangers in the crowd.

Whenever strange men enter Cobbville, they find themselves the center of almost ravenous curiosity, which is by no means merely speculative. A strange man suggests a possible purchaser of real estate.

On the station gravel-bed, were representatives of each of the six real-estate offices in town (the town boasted of three thousand inhabitants, but some said there were more).

One of these real estate agents, with eyes of a hawk, and nose of a hawk, and a general suggestiveness of swooping and snatching also like that of a hawk, was named Weevely.

Weevely's attention was always attracted by strangers; but this afternoon, his eyes were more than attracted; they were fastened, they were glued, they were immovably fixed upon the face of one of the new arrivals. This stranger who had descended the car-steps in the midst of a laughing, jostling crowd of girls, women and orchardists, seemed to have nothing in common with those about him; he did not speak to any one, or smile, or look happy, or content, or, indeed, otherwise.

The strangers with him, looked about for a hack, and, possibly, for some business man to direct them to the best hotel or subtlest real estate agency. But the stranger who had chained Weevely's attention did none of these things. He neither looked about, nor waited for some one to accost him; he neither smoked or chewed—in short, he did not seem to realize that he was in Arkansas.

He was a man of about forty-five, tall and rather slim, dressed well but without display. He wore a black derby hat, and a gray frock coat, while his gray pantaloons displayed an unostentatious stripe of slightly whiter gray. His face was dark, clean-shaven, rather long, and showed no feature of any impressiveness, unless exception be made of remarkably piercing eyes.

Although Weevely was apparently fascinated, he made no movement to attract the stranger's attention; but, as a young man at that moment passed him, with the intention of boarding the train, Weevely called: "Oh, I say—Caldwell!"

The young man stopped, rather impatiently, and looked back. He and Weevely had little in common except the town of Cobbville. However, in a town of three thousand, the mere fact of living in the same town furnishes cause for certain standards of acquaintanceship.

Caldwell, as a matter of fact, disliked Weevely, not because he had anything against him, except Weevely himself; it seemed that just being Weevely set him beyond the pale of friendship. Weevely was heavy and red-faced, rather gross-looking, and shifty-eyed, but it was not this that Caldwell had against him—it was simply that he was Weevely.

Weevely did not like Caldwell, either, but he needed him, just now, and when Weevely needed anybody, he didn't care whether he liked him or not; he used him, if he could.

"Come here just a second," pleaded Weevely.

The handsome young man retraced his steps unwillingly.

Weevely whispered in a hoarse but discreet growl: "See that slim chap over yonder with the darting gray eyes?"

Caldwell looked at the stranger, and nodded.

"Look like anybody you ever saw before."

Caldwell looked harder. "Seems so," he admitted, "but I don't remember if I——"

"Maybe it's just the picture of him you're thinking of," suggested Weevely.

"Picture? Whose picture?"

"Why, his picture, of course. Ever see his picture? Look again."

At this moment the brakeman called: "All aboard!" The engine began steaming up. The bell rang.

"I don't know," said Caldwell in surprise. "What about it?"

"Didn't you ever see his picture in a newspaper?"

"I don't know; but I must catch this train. So long!"

"Wait just a second—don't he look to you like that detective-fellow that solved the great Iron Trunk Mystery?"

"What!" exclaimed Caldwell, stopping short. He looked fixedly. His mouth remained open in astonishment.

"But he does look like that detective, doesn't he?"

"The very image!"

"I believe it is he."

"But why should a detective come to Cobbville?" demanded Caldwell uneasily.

"That's exactly what I'd like to know," growled Weevely.

The train started.

"But if it is that detective," gasped Caldwell. "What did the paper call him?"

"The name of him is Richard Zellers," said Weevely. "And I'd swear that Richard Zellers stands yonder by the depot door. And everybody knows him as Keeneyes. Well, I'd take my oath that yonder stands Keeneyes."

The train slowly increased in speed, and the rear car came alongside, then drew away from the station. Caldwell did not seem to notice that the train was leaving. He looked at the stranger covertly, while his handsome face grew slightly pale.

"We don't want any detective in this town," growled Weevely. "Who do you reckon has sent for him?". Nobody's been abducted or kidnaped around here that I know of, and I guess I'd know it, if they had been."

"And no jewels have been stolen to make a mystery case," observed Caldwell

trying to appear at his ease. "And if any one's been murdered, he's been hidden pretty well. But you're right; we don't want a detective in Cobbville; that's not the way to advertise the town!"

"Of course," Weevely admitted, "I may be mistaken—it may not be Keeneyes. It seems impossible that Keeneyes would come here."

"And if it is Keeneyes," said Caldwell, "he may have come just for his health—or to buy land."

Weevely laughed skeptically, and unpleasingly. Then he said: "Say! you've missed your train.."

"Oh, I've changed my mind," said the young man. "I'm going to stay in town tonight."

CHAPTER II.
DISCOVERED.

Weevely was astonished to discover that the handsome young man seemed as uneasy as himself regarding the supposition of a detective being in Cobbville. He knew well enough why he didn't want an officer of the law to explore into his own life; but he had not supposed that young Caldwell would care how many spies might enter the little town. And yet, Caldwell had allowed the train to go off and leave him, upon the fancied resemblance of the stranger to a world-known detective.

Weevely looked at young Caldwell covertly.

"Well?" he asked, vaguely.

The young man spoke in a low voice: "I am like you."

"How?"

"I think it's bad for the reputation of Cobbville to have a detective here ferreting out crime in a secret manner. If any crime has been committed——"

"What do you mean?" demanded the real-estate agent, paling.

"I mean if anything has happened in Cobbville," the young man persisted, "why don't the town people know about it?"

"Exactly," muttered Weevely, uneasily. "I'm not in the real-estate business," said the young man, "as you know; but the good name of Cobbville is as important a matter to me as to you."

In the meantime, the stranger concerning whom they were so exercised, stood at the margin of the gravel-walk, his hands clasped behind him, staring placidly into the sky at a point not far from directly over their heads. Did he know they were discussing his arrival in Cobbville?

The hack drove off, carrying one drummer and five large suitcases. The others who had disembarked, walked away toward town.

The dray was loaded; it moved off. The station-master returned to his switchboard. No one was left before the station but the stranger and the two men who were looking at him.

As by common impulse, both Caldwell and Weevely moved toward the stranger at the same time. They walked up to him, then stopped. Weevely cleared his throat loudly. The man continued gazing into the blue sky as if watching an airship.

Caldwell instinctively looked aloft, but saw only sun-lighted space.

"Good evening," said Weevely, in his thick, rasping voice, trying at the same time to look amiable—the look that had sometimes sold land worth ten dollars an acre, for at least fifteen and one-half.

The stranger removed his eyes from the heavens, looked all about him as if in quest of the one addressed; then, finding himself the only one in that part of the landscape, replied in surprise.

"Good evening? Yes, certainly. I trust you are improving it, as I am."

"Improving it?" repeated Weevely, looking hastily up at the sky.

"Just so. But did you want to speak to me?"

"I don't want to bother you," said Weevely, "but I am a real-estate agent, and seeing you a stranger to Cobbville, it occurred to me that you might be pleased to get into some good bargains. Here is my card."

The stranger took the card, glanced at it, then gravely handed it to Caldwell, saying, "Name of Weevely."

"Yes, I know him," said the young man, waving back the card. "And my name is Caldwell."

"And also in the real-estate business, Mr. Caldwell?"

"No—I just happened to be down here—I intended, in fact, to take the train, but changed my mind, because—however, it's of no matter.

"Certainly not," said the stranger. "Well, gentlemen, I suppose yonder walk leads to town. I'll be going now."

"We're going the same way," said Weevely.

"Indeed?" returned the stranger. "Well, which shall go first? I am in no hurry."

"Let us go together," returned Weevely.

"By no means," was the answer. "I do not know you, gentlemen, and you do not know me. I do not at all desire your companionship, and I cannot flatter myself that you desire mine. Who'll go first?"

"Excuse me for seeming to intrude upon you," said Caldwell stiffly, offended not unreasonably; and without another word he turned, and walked away, the color showing even to his neck.

Weevely, however, was not sensitive; he was a man of business. "I'd like to discuss a few land sales with you, brother," he said, "whether we walk to town, or not."

"Land sales do not interest me," was the uncompromising retort.

"But I have some dandy bargains up my sleeve."

"What kind of bargains?"

"Land as cheap as dirt that's worth treble what I ask for it."

"Then why don't you ask more for it?"

"I believe in making quick sales and plenty of them."

"You'll make no sales to me," said the stranger. "I don't like bargains. I don't believe in bargains. Nor do I enjoy conversation with a man named Weevely. Whenever I meet a man named Weevely—at least, if it's in Cobbville—I avoid him when possible."

Weevely turned crimson. "You are insulting me," he cried.

"Yes, I know I am," said the other, "but I don't know any other way to get rid of you."

"Be careful, sir," cried Weevely, breathing hard. "I'm not a man to be trifled with."

"Good heavens, sir, I don't want to trifle with you. Still less do I want to knock you down. Will you force me to knock you down so I can go off and leave you? This is persecution. Can't a stranger come to Cobbville without being pestered by Weevelys?"

"I know why you have come," cried Weevely, in a passion, "and I know who you are. And I know what you expect to do."

"My name, please!" the stranger demanded.

"Zellers; Richard Zellers. I recognized you by your pictures in the papers."

"Just heaven!" moaned the other. "I am known even in Arkansas."

"Yes, you are the detective. Sometimes you are called Keeneyes."

The other sighed. "It is but too true," he admitted, sadly.

"And you have come down here to investigate some crime, or supposed crime. You hoped to take the town by surprise. But I know you."

"Is it to your interest for any crime to remain hidden?" inquired the detective languidly.

"How dare you ask such a question?" the other blustered.

"Well—you seem to object to my presence here."

"I object? It is you who object to my presence."

"Then why don't you go on away? That's what I don't understand."

"I shall leave you," said Weevely, stiffly. It seemed that the other's remark about wanting a crime hidden had effected some sort of change in the agent. He was as ill-tempered as ever, but now seemed to shrink, whereas before, he was violent.

Weevely went away, growling like a whipped dog. Keeneyes waited till he was out of sight, then slowly strolled to the business block of Cobbville, lightly swinging his cane, and gayly whistling the only serviceable air from "Carmen."

CHAPTER III.
WHY IS HE IN TOWN?

When the stranger had reached the business block of Cobbville, that is, the square on which all the stores were placed, except two or three little shops near the station, he suddenly turned aside from the unoccupied center of trade. He deliberately turned into an alley which led away from the business houses, and as soon as he had lost himself therein, slackened his pace until at last he stood perfectly still.

He looked casually about him. The scene was not inspiring. On one side was a back lot in which was a stack of wood, a cow and several hens. On the other side was the rear of a stable.

The detective looked down the alley and perceived that it led into a street of residences which were set in ample yards, each far apart from the other. He looked at the dirt-bed of the alley, and apparently found what he wanted.

"Ah!" he said aloud.

Then he drew a long knife from his pocket, stooped down, and inserted the blade in the hard pathway. He turned up a clod or two, then delicately thrust his fingers into the tiny excavation, and drew something forth. Whatever this object was, the finger of it seemed to attach to it considerable importance. He drew a letter from his pocket, removed it from its envelope, then placed the discovered object in this envelope.

He measured his distance from the back door of the stable, and then from the back lot on his right, as if to record the exact spot of his discovery. Having satisfied himself of the precise location, he made a memorandum upon the envelope, carefully placed it in his pocket, tore up the letter which he had drawn from the case, made a few notes on these bits of torn letter-paper, then cast the fragments under foot.

He sauntered down the alley, and emerged upon the street of residences, looked to right and left, then up at the sky. After a pause of perhaps three minutes, he slowly turned about, and retraced his steps.

When he had reached the place where he had found his prized object, he drew the envelope from his pocket, read what he had written upon it, then gazed upon the ground.

"Ah, there it is," he said, looking into the hole he had dug.

He looked all about, and, seeing a small flat stone near the barn door, he brought it away and laid it over the hole. Having thus hidden the place from which he had so strangely removed his secret treasure, he walked briskly away and reached the business part of Cobbville.

He asked of one of the first men he encountered: "Can you tell me where I can find a good hotel?"

"Do you want the best?" asked the man, who was tall, portly, and well-dressed and well-groomed.

"I do," said the stranger. "What is it, please?"

"Two dollars a day," said the man, simply.

"Thank you. And where may I spend these two dollars a day?"

The citizen pointed out the hotel, and the stranger went thither. It was a long, rambling building, with one corner of brick and all the rest of wood. There was a rather low attic extending the entire length, which was called the "third story."

As the stranger entered the office, his swift eyes told him that Weevely, the real-estate agent, was established in one of the heavy, round-armed chairs, his big red face hidden behind the Arkansas Gazette. Weevely did not look up, and the stranger passed him without making any sign of recognition.

The stranger walked up to the clerk's desk, asked for a room, and registered. As soon as the boy had led him away Weevely rose, and casually strolled over to the register. He scanned the book and read: "Richard Zellers, Ridgely, Mo."

There were ditto-marks for April 1st. Zellers was the fourth name that had been registered that day.

Weevely turned away, and saw a man entering the office, whose immaculate boots, well-creased trousers and fresh collar proclaimed him a Cobbville citizen of the first water. It was, indeed, the man of whom the stranger had asked hotel information.

"Good evening, Mr. Williams," said Weevely cordially—as cordially as it befits a real-estate man to address the wealthiest banker in Cobbville. "Here's a rather strange thing," he added in a low and confidential voice.

The banker had an instinctive distaste for Weevely, though he had never admitted this, even to himself. Weevely was an important man in the town, therefore Williams, as banker, approved of his presence there; but as a man, dissociated from his business relations, he could not enjoy a confidential tone of voice from Weevely. So he said, rather dryly, "What is a rather strange thing?"

"Weevely drew nearer. He was determined to be confidential.

He answered: "That last name registered. I saw that fellow get off the train, and thought then that he looked like the pictures of Richard Zellers. And that's what he's signed himself—Richard Zellers."

"Indeed?" said the other, coldly. He was not interested.

"Oh, I reckon you've read of him, and seen pictures of him. You know who he is, I guess."

"No," said Williams. "The fact is, I'm kept so busy that I haven't time for literature. My wife keeps up with the latest books but—"

"Oh, but you don't see the point. Zellers never wrote a book—"

"Then has he been grafting?" asked the other, with a faint show of interest. "I can't keep up with all the grafters, either. Unless they're orchard men. The grafters in the human line use so many kinds of sprays and healers—"

"No, no, Mr. Williams, this is a famous detective."

"What!" exclaimed the banker, his jaw dropping. "A detective? Who?"

"This Richard Zellers. But he's better known as Keeneyes."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the banker. "Do you mean that Keeneyes the detective is in town?"

"Yes, and has just put up at this hotel."

"But what's he here for?" Williams asked uneasily.

"That's what I'd like to know."

Williams stared at Weevely blankly.

Weevely muttered: "It's bad for the town, I say. What kind of reputation is he trying to give it—a detective known all over the world——"

"But who sent for him?"

"I don't know. And he's such a queer chap—so offish and offensive that I didn't have the nerve to ask him."

"Huh!" cried Williams, "I'd like to see the man that I'd be afraid to question. I'll tell you what we'll do—are you going home to supper?"

"I might not," said Weevely, laying himself open to invitation.

"Then you take supper with me, right here. Zellers or whatever you call him, will want supper; it's six o'clock now; he'll be down in a minute or two, and we'll just naturally go in and sit down by him. Here, I'll speak to the landlord, and he'll fix it for us. And I'll ask Mr. Zellers or whatever you call him, why he's in this town of the Big Red Apple."

CHAPTER IV.
THE MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE.

At six o'clock, the dinner-bell of the hotel was rung up and down the waiting-room and in the broad hall upstairs. Already the air was fragrant with a promise of good things. The diningroom doors were thrown open. Several townsmen who had no families entered; others came down from their rooms. They straggled into the diningroom.

The stranger who had excited so much interest, was placed at a table where two men were already seated. This was according to the request which Williams had proffered the landlord. The two men were Williams, the banker, and Weevely, the real-estate agent.

When the stranger discovered that Weevely was one of the men with whom he was to be placed, he gave an involuntary movement as if about to go to another table. However, he changed his mind, and sat down without comment.

"Good evening," said Weevely to the stranger; "we meet again."

The stranger said nothing.

"Good evening sir," said the banker, addressing him. "I believe you are a stranger in our little city."

"And desire to continue so," replied the stranger, reaching for his glass of water.

The banker flushed unpleasantly. It was very unusual for him to be rebuffed in this manner. In fact, he hardly ever made advances. Nevertheless, he calmed himself, because he was resolved to find out why the stranger had come to town.

"My name is Williams," said the banker. "You are Mr. Zellers, I believe. It is a privilege to meet a man so famous, sir."

Mr. Zellers sipped the water, then looked at Williams over his glass, without a word. He slowly drew from his breast pocket an envelope from which the letter had been extracted. This envelope showed a slight elevation at the corner, as if it contained a lump of some substance, as indeed it did. The detective drew forth this substance, without however, allowing the watching men to see what his hand held. He dropped the substance into his half-emptied glass of water, and with a quick movement of his spoon, began breaking up something at the bottom. The water became discolored, and grew dark and murky.

At that moment a girl of about twenty, pretty, and slender, said, "Beefsteak or ham?"

The stranger looked at this girl, with attention. "Ham," he said, "and can you tell me if there is any one living in Cobbville named Williams?"

The waitress looked surprised, and glanced toward the banker, saying, "Here is Mr. Williams."

"I am glad to hear it," said Keeneyes, with an air of gratification. "He said his name was Williams, but I didn't know whether he was telling the truth or not."

The banker was justly outraged. He said, "Do you dare intimate that I am untruthful, sir?"

"My dear sir, I know nothing about you," said Keeneyes, kindly. "I don't know whether you're truthful or not. I don't care. Don't feel like you have to take ham just because I ordered ham. I'm not lonesome."

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The banker said to the waitress between tightly-pressed lips, "Ham." His mouth was so tight that at first she did not understand what he said, which did not soften his indignation. Weevely also ordered ham. After this all three sat in perfect silence, Keeneyes from time to time holding up his glass, and looking through it at the window. Conversation seemed impossible.

However, after the food had been brought, Weevely and Williams began a conversation on general topics, and Keeneyes perceived that he would soon be dragged into it, in spite of his reticence.

Suddenly the banker turned to him and said abruptly, "Mr. Zellers, may I inquire if you have come to Cobbville on professional business?"

"You mean banking business, or real estate?"

"I mean on detective business."

"Oh!" said Keeneyes.

"I mean, has any one sent for you to investigate some case?"

Weevely supplemented this with, "To find a clew in some hidden—er—robbery or crime of any kind?'

"In other words," remarked Keeneyes, pleasantly, "you want to know what is my business here?"

"Well, yes, we do," said Williams decidedly.

"It isn't yours," said Keeneyes with a smile.

"Sir!" exclaimed the banker.

"Now as regards this ham," observed Keeneyes, growing into a better humor, "do you suppose it is the one that Scriptures declared went into the Ark?"

"What ark?" asked Weevely, not understanding the point.

Williams interrupted: "In a word, you refuse to tell why you are here?"

"I do not refuse to tell why I am here. I merely remarked that it is none of your business. But I do not refuse to tell, I am here to investigate you, Mr. Williams."

"Me?" cried Williams, turning gray.

"Yes, sir; and also you, Mr. Weevely."

"Me?" echoed the real-estate agent, growing purple.

"Just so."

"But this is outrageous," cried the banker.

"There is no law to prevent it," said Keeneyes, easily. "If I desire to investigate a man, to detect him, what redress has he? In short, what objection could

he have, unless there is something he desires to conceal?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that we know of something we wish to conceal?"

"I insinuate? Why do you use such child's words? I accuse you of it. And I mean to find out what it is, rest assured of that. I am going to find clews to both of you. Now gentlemen, in view of the fact that I mean to hunt you both down——"

"To hunt us down!" cried the banker angrily. "What impudence."

"Yes, to hunt you down—it seems to me that we should not try to be on a friendly footing. I didn't want to get acquainted with you. I didn't want to eat with you. Very well, take the consequences!"

"And what are the consequences?"

"That is to be determined."

The voices of Williams and Weevely had been loud enough to attract some attention from the other tables.

"Let us declare an armistice until our meal is ended," suggested Keeneyes, "and after that, we can part as cheerful enemies. In the meantime our food grows cold and our digestion suffers. We will say no more."

"And you will soon leave this town," said Williams stiffly. "The man who comes here to insult me has his hours numbered."

"I wish you would give me the number," said Keeneyes.

No more was said. The detective was the first to finish.

When he rose, he called for an empty bottle, into which he poured the murky contents of his glass. Then, carrying the bottle in plain view of all whom he might meet, he left the diningroom, and walked out upon the sidewalk.

CHAPTER V.

ATTEMPT TO BUY A HOUSE.

The detective, whose presence in Cobbville had caused so much worry to Weevely and Williams, left the hotel and walked down Main street, still carrying in full view the bottle with its contents of murky water. He passed the shops and at the end of the business block, gazed down the streets that separated at the corner. They seemed to penetrate the residence district of the better and of the poorer classes.

Keeneyes took the road that led past the more pretentious houses, nearly all of which had two stories, or at least a story and a half, and were set in lawns, and flanked by woodhouses and barns. He had gone perhaps two blocks, when he saw a large house the largest he had yet discovered, for it contained two full stories and a roomy attic.

This house was evidently newly built. It was of frame, of course, like its neighbors, but its wooden tower gave it an air. The house itself did not interest the detective; but the man who stood in its front yard, caught his eye.

This was the young man whom he had seen with Weevely at the station, on his arrival, and whose name was Caldwell. Keeneyes did not—as may be well enough understood, after his outrageous behavior at the hotel diningroom—want to make any acquaintances; and he had most decidedly checked Caldwell's advances. He noticed that Caldwell had caught sight of him, and was looking with some eagerness. Keeneyes pretended not to observe him.

Still carrying the mysterious bottle, he continued on his way until he was exactly opposite the gate to which the young man had now come. Keeneyes stood stock-still, and stared up at the sky.

After a moment of this diversion, he solemnly nodded his head as if to say to the heavens, "Yes, I find you are still up there." Then he left the sidewalk, and went out into the middle of the street.

Standing equidistant from the sidewalks on either side, he drew forth a letter from his pocket, took it from its envelope, read it, nodded again, put the letter back into his pocket, and held out the empty envelope at arm's length. Then he uncorked the bottle, and deliberately poured its contents into the empty envelope.

The water almost instantly began trickling out of the lowest corner of the envelope. The detective calmly watched it as it splashed upon the ground at his feet. When the bottle was empty, he deliberately stooped and set it upon the ground.

By the time all the water had passed through the envelope, the detective stood erect again. Cautiously he opened the envelope, and stared within. Thus he remained a long time, apparently wrapt in the most intense meditations.

At last he flung the envelope from him, drew a notebook forth, tore out a blank leaf, wrote some words upon it, stooped and picked up the bottle. He rolled up the flyleaf, thrust it into the bottle, put his pencil back into his pocket, and still holding the bottle, returned to the sidewalk. In doing so, he found himself within reach of the handsome young man whom he had so rudely repulsed at the station.

The young man spoke: "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Zellers?"

Keeneyes frowned, as it annoyed at his name being known. Then he reflected. Then he said, "You are Mr. Caldwell, I believe?"

"I am. How do you like Cobbville?" the young man asked rather eagerly.

"I detest it," said Keeneyes, frankly.

He poured the contents into the envelope.

"Ah, so?" said the young man with a smile, and even more eagerly than before. "In that case, I suppose you will not——"

He paused.

"I will not?" repeated the detective. "I mean—if you detest the town, you'll not be apt to stay here long?"

"It depends," said the detective.

"May I ask if you are here professionally?"

"That is what Weevely was so anxious to know," mused the detective. "And it was what Williams was craving to find out."

"Williams?" repeated Caldwell with a start.

"Just so; the banker. He is a friend of yours, I suppose?"

"Everybody is a friend of mine," said the young man.

"No they're not," said Keeneyes. "I know one man who isn't."

Caldwell flushed painfully. "Every one who knows me," he amended.

"Williams knows you, and is your friend?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"For the simple reason that you did not speak as if there were a real friendship between you."

"Caldwell looked alarmed. "You imagined it, sir," he said, coldly.

"Good heavens!" cried the detective, losing his composure, "I imagine anything? Do you take me for a fairy-tale? I know nothing about imagination. I deal only in facts. I shall continue my walk."

He did so. But, on second thought, he turned around. Caldwell was gazing after him with a thoughtful frown. Keeneyes returned.

"It occurred to me, young man," he said, "that since you've taken such a fancy to me, possibly you might let me lodge with you. Is this your house?"

"It is; but—"

"You built it yourself, and just recently?"

"I did; but——"

"I do not like hotels—they are too public. I prefer private quarters. You have a fine new house—considering the meanness of Cobbville's pretensions, it is really a handsome house—and I should pay you well for a couple of rooms—"

"But I do not rent out my rooms," returned Caldwell, decidedly.

"Possibly your family will feel differently about it," returned the detective. "In little one-horse places like this, a family very seldom has the chance to live off of such a lodger as I am; I spend my money; and——"

"I cannot rent you a room, Mr. Zellers. It is true that almost any family in town would do so; but I cannot."

"I shall consult your family, however——"

"I have no family."

"No family?"

"None. I am alone in the world."

"And did you build that house to live alone in the world?"

Caldwell colored. "That, sir, is a personal matter."

"Oh, indeed? Well, I should think my own name is a personal matter, but you felt no hesitation in prying into it. Very well, then, since you do not care to reveal this secret."

"I do not say it is a secret; I say only that it is no concern of other people why I built this house," returned Caldwell, with heat. "I shall sell it; it's an investment."

"How much do you want for it?"

"It should bring at least six thousand dollars."

"I'll give you seven," returned Keeneyes casually.

"Sir? What do you mean?"

"I mean seven thousand dollars, of course."

"I will consider your offer later," said the young man, blushing.

"Then you really do not want to sell just now?"

"Well—just now—er—no, not at this time; not this month, at least."

Keeneyes turned on his heel and walked away without another word.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANKER'S WIFE.

The detective had not gone far from Caldwell's big new residence, before he heard the sound of wheels. It came from behind, and when it was close, it slackened speed.

The young detective was aware that some sort of vehicle was drawing up beside him, but he walked on, pretending not to notice. The vehicle drew up close to the sidewalk, and a little in front of him, then stopped, while a voice called out: "Mr. Zellers! May I speak to you just a moment?"

The detective could not but stop, since the voice was that of a lady. Grudgingly he turned around, and saw that a spick-and-span phaeton had stopped within reach, almost, of his hand. It contained only the driver—a lady of perhaps forty years, most expensively dressed, and bearing every indication of an owner of wealth, and an enjoyer of the same. The horse was a splendid animal, such as a rich lady should drive.

The detective was not at all overawed; he was cross at being stopped by this stranger, who did not have even beauty as an excuse, and whose face suggested both unlovely pride and an unworthy contempt for those less advantageously furnished than herself.

"Good evening, madam," said the detective; "is this some one I had the honor of meeting in some other city, since I have never before penetrated the fastnesses of Cobbville, and do not expect to do so again?"

"Ah?" said the lady rather scornfully, "then you do not like Cobbville?"

"Not at present," replied the other gravely.

"Pardon me for stopping you—but you are Mr. Zellers, I am sure. May I ask you to take a seat in my phaeton? Then we can talk as I drive. I am Mrs. Williams, and I have something important to communicate."

"Certainly, madam," said the detective, and he entered the vehicle.

The lady drove on, and turned sidewise to talk to the other, who had taken the back seat. "Mr. Zellers, you met my husband at supper, this evening, at the hotel."

"Oh, no, indeed, madam. That is a mistake," Keeneyes assured her.

The lady looked at him sternly, as if to tell him it would do no good to deny the facts. She said coldly, "I have it upon my husband's word."

"There is some mistake, however."

"You did not meet my husband, Mr. Williams—the banker?"

"Certainly not."

"But he told me that you ate at the same table with him and Mr. Weevely, and that there was some dispute between you?"

"True enough."

"You ate at the same table?"

"I did."

"Then why do you say that you did not meet him?"

"He met me, madam; that is the difference."

"I do not see the difference."

"Then I shall be happy to point it out to you, madam. I came to Cobbville to isolate myself—to rest up from my mental labors (which are prodigious) and in order to accomplish this Utopian dream (for a man as famous as I cannot hope for complete oblivion) I made up my mind to get acquainted with no soul in this town which I imagined far enough away from civilization to be like a regular Crusoe's island."

The lady sniffed, "I assure you, sir, we are civilized."

"Yes, I am sorry to see it. Well I came here, determined to meet nobody, and so far, I have not introduced myself to a soul. But others have insisted upon meeting me, and really, I begin to feel myself quite helpless in their hands."

At first Mrs. William did not respond to this impoliteness.

At last she said: "Mr. Zellers, pardon me for having forced myself upon you in this way, but it is really of the greatest importance. I must tell you that my husband has a most violent and dangerous temper, and you have not only annoyed him, but he thinks that you have wantonly insulted him."

"And why does he think so? I never wished to have one word with him: he persecuted me with his prying questions, and I refused to satisfy his curiosity, and that is all. I did not call him the names he deserved, I did not knock him down, or even slap him, as I desired to do. I simply left him. Why does he call this behavior insulting? Why cannot he let me alone?"

The lady flushed angrily, and by an effort controlled herself. She drove on for a time in silence, evidently seeking to gain perfect mastery over her tongue before coming to the point.

"Mr. Zellers, it may be, as you say, that you came here to be isolated. But my husband thinks that you wantonly insulted him. You say such was not your intention. But that will avail nothing, so long as he feels that you have done so. I request you, for the sake of harmony, to go to him, and tell him candidly why you came to Cobbville, so he will not feel himself outraged."

"But I do not like harmony," returned Keeneyes belligerently.

"I warn you, I warn you, Mr. Zellers, that my husband has a violent temper."

"And I," cried the detective, "can get up as violent a temper as anybody."

"And my husband is dangerous, sir, when aroused."

"So am I, madam, very dangerous, whether I'm aroused or not."

The lady grew pale.

"Then you will do nothing to conciliate him?"

"Madam, if he were not your husband, I'd say that I wouldn't give a straw whether he's conciliated or not; but in such agreeable company I can only muzzle my tongue and reply that I regret to say that your husband likes me no better than I like him."

She stopped the horse abruptly. "Shall I let you out here, sir?"

"By no means. You told me you had something important to communicate."

"I have done so."

"Excuse me—but surely I was not listening; what was it?"

"Mr. Zellers, listen to me; my husband is the most influential man in this town. He thinks you have insulted him. Will he permit that? I warn you something will happen to distress you or injure you, unless you make your peace with him, or else go to some other town."

"Will he call me out? Will he fight?"

"He will not fight," she answered, dryly.

"That's lucky, since neither will I. Well, I thank you, madam, for your disinterested warning, and now I shall, with your permission, alight."

The lady's manner changed; she leaned toward him with a smile that came pretty near being charming. Her eyes grew friendly, her lips almost gay.

"Mr. Zellers," she said with a laugh, "do gratify my curiosity, and tell me!"

"Tell you?"

"Yes—tell me do—I am a woman, and consumed by curiosity."

"But what shall I tell you?"

"What tell me? Why, the reason of your coming to Cobb'ville."

"That, I have already told you."

Her face change; it hardened defiantly.

"Oh, very well," she said.

He left the vehicle.

"Then do your worst," cried the lady, giving the poor horse an angry cut that caused the phaeton to bound away.

The detective muttered, when alone; "She, too, has some secret. She defies me to do my worst. Shall I take her at her word?"

(Continued next week.)

The bill collector is about the only man who has an excuse for believing that the world owes him a living.

THE STOLEN WHITE HOUSE;

Or, THE PRESIDENT'S RIVAL

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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Begun in No. 39, Sept. 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, of our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DISCOVERY.

THE CHIEF conspirator had commanded an attentive audience, but nobody had listened with interest greater than that of Colgrave. Strong as ambition is, it is dwarfed by the intensity of the man who has a grudge to satisfy. Colgrave had listened in surprise, puzzled and bewildered, and the scheme of mysterious Mr. Smith seemed to him like the dream of a visionary, but something else always haunted his mind.

Jason Starwake was real, a living creature, visible to the eye, and a man who had done him injury. Colgrave was there to learn means of baffling Jason, and then to strike as circumstances directed. Visionary as the conspiracy appeared, the character of the men and their absorbed manner told that it was something of grave reality. Realising this fact, Colgrave had two consuming purposes in his mind. He was determined to baffle Jason, and to foil the plot against the well-being of his country.

Starwake lifted a small lamp from the table and moved toward the stateroom. Right at this point Colgrave grew keenly interested. His hiding-place was to be entered, and if he was there he would be discovered. And discovery probably meant death. Acting with celerity he stepped down from his chair and moved it away from the door, after which he crept into the passage.

Jason reached the smaller room and became busy. His nephew dared not thrust his head forward to watch, but he heard sundry rustlings, and did not doubt that the charts were being secured. At that moment he had a fresh and disagreeable surprise.

Steps sounded at the companionway, and he knew that somebody was coming down. This startling turn to events bade fair to place the spy in a trap. How was he to avoid discovery?

One end of the little passage was clear, but it was shrouded in total darkness, and might lead only to a bulkhead. He was about to walk that way when the steps ceased. Silence took the place of the light pattering. The reprieve was grateful, and Colgrave remained quiet.

He heard Jason close what was probably a locker, and then return to the cabin. There was now chance to return to the stateroom, but he took no such hazardous step. If the deck lookout came that way Colgrave would be hopelessly snared, and he did not doubt that it was the lookout whose feet had sounded.

Voices were again sounding in the cabin, but a band of light was between the schemers and the young man. It was altogether too rash to venture into that band. This was exasperating, for the more he learned of the conspiracy, the more he would be able to tell to loyal men high in authority. The meddlesome lookout——

His mind took a new turn. A man stepped into the light from the companionway, his steps soft, his progress very slow, and his general air stealthy. Pausing, he faced the lighted end of the passage and peered inquisitively in that direction. Another discovery came for Colgrave. The man was not the lookout.

When on deck faces had not been visible in the darkness and he did not know what the lookout was like, except that the figure had loomed a good six feet above the planks. The present prowler was a slight fellow who lacked five inches of that height.

Scanning him further, Colgrave noted that he was clad in threadbare garments, and had a general air of having gone to seed; in brief, he had the look of a person who would have relished a plentiful meal, and had long gone hungry while hankering for it. He was to be marked down as a man looking for a place to sleep, and uncertain as to his surroundings.

The source of the light plainly acted as a magnet upon him, and he tiptoed forward until he had a view of the cabin. It was a very brief view that he took, after which he drew back hurriedly and shook his head.

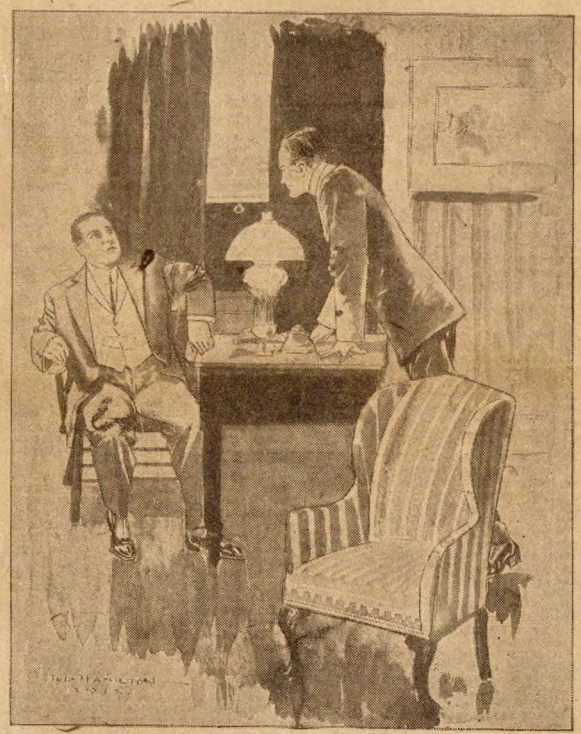
"Not if I know it!" he muttered softly.

Colgrave barely checked an impulse to make himself known to his fellow intruder. Being a good judge of men he found much to attract him in the seedy person, but when one deals with affairs of state it is no time to venture acquaintance blindly with city waifs.

The slight man took another look into the stateroom, but did not find it to his taste, so he returned to the passage. Then he became obnoxious to Colgrave. The latter wanted to enter the small room and listen again and the waif was an impediment. He no longer allured Colgrave, who aspired to toss him overboard.

The murmur of voices came steadily from the conspirators, and other sounds indicated that they were handling the charts. The situation was so exasperating that desire to do mischief to the stranger grew into resolution, and Colgrave was seeking for the best way when that man started anew on his pilgrimage. He moved directly toward Colgrave, who pressed hard against one wall and waited.

The darkness was a good friend, and he remained unseen. With hands straight out before him the stranger passed, reached the remotest part of the passage, and so drew temporarily out of Colgrave's way. It was a lull that was improved, and the Texan slipped again into the stateroom. Disappointment met him there. The door beside which he had previously listened was now ajar, and the chair could not be planted under the transom. As he paused, congratulating himself that he could listen without seeing, there was a stir beyond as if the company had risen.



"You saved my life."

"Sorry to break up the meeting so soon," came in Smith's voice, "but the business that takes me to Chicago will not wait. I'll see all of you again as soon as I can make my trip. Now, gentlemen, pray remember that each man of you has his part to play. We carry no unnecessary members, but are like a fine piece of machinery—that is, if you are all faithful to your trusts."

"We will be faithful," Jason promised.

"You know your respective duties. Mine is to ——"

"Steal the White House!"

"Exactly!"

"Alone?" asked Black.

"That will appear in due time."

"Really, I am curious to know just what you mean. To speak of stealing the presidential mansion sounds strange."

"Doesn't it?" quoth Smith drily.

"Yes, and I don't comprehend——"

"You will later."

"I trust," put in Ward, hesitatingly, "that no harm to the President is intended?"

"I have to take care of myself in this world," retorted Smith brusquely. "Let the President take care of himself."

"But violence to him would put our necks into danger."

"I informed you, at the start, that we should endanger our necks."

"Necks be hanged!" cried Tripp. "Our reward, if we succeed, is half a million dollars per man. I will risk my neck for that. Half a million! You are sure, Mr. Smith, that it will be paid by——"

"It will be paid."

"And we can rely upon the President to juggle our navies so they will be useless to the United States—but why should he?"

"I tell you he will do it. It is my business to make him do it, and it shall be done. Gentlemen, I'm off and away. Good night!"

With these words Mr. Smith swept toward the exit on nimble feet, and then followed a startling situation. In the band of light he met the stranger in seedy garments, the fellow being helplessly caught by the conspirator's abrupt departure.

Colgrave, lurking in the edge of the stateroom, was really startled at last. Having secured such important information he was eager to avoid discovery, and thus have an advantage over the traitorous party, but the stranger had mixed things up lamentably. Then and there Colgrave decided that he would be challenged, and—but that was not what happened.

At sight of the interloper Smith was revealed as a man built on the tiger plan. His wits got to work immediately, and he leaped upon the stranger violently. He laid hold, ran his victim against the wall in a ferocious rush, and the schooner shook under the crash.

"A spy!" growled Smith ominously. "Club him over the head—oh! I reckon I have done for him, myself."

In a way, the man was surely done for. He had been rammed against the planks so hard that calamity had come to him, and he now hung a limp figure in Smith's hands.

"Stunned!" added that conquering person composedly. "Know him?"

"No," was the answer from several of the band.

"Unshaven, seedy, dirty, and hang-dogged," Smith pursued. "It is only a tramp who had been looking for a night's lodgings."

"Lucky for him," said Starwake.

"Wrong! Unlucky for him. Even a tramp can talk, and no man shall talk about our affairs, or even our quarters. Set a single tongue to wagging and the thing will grow. Bring me a knife and I'll stop his talking. We've simply got to kill the knave. Wait a bit! He may have companions of his own sort here. We must search the vessel. Here, Black, do you hold this vermin while the rest of us search. Take him!"

He flung the stranger aside like a billet of wood, and, wheeling, walked heavily into Colgrave's stateroom. The face he carried at that moment was an ugly thing to see, and his intentions were not to be doubted. He had his work mapped out, and it happened that Colgrave was interested.

(Continued on page five.)

SOUND SLEEP

Can Easily Be Secured.

"Up to 2 years ago," a woman writes, "I was in the habit of using both tea and coffee regularly.

"I found that my health was beginning to fail, strange nervous attacks would come suddenly upon me, making me tremble so excessively that I could not do my work while they lasted; my sleep left me and I passed long nights in restless discomfort. I was filled with a nervous dread as to the future.

"A friend suggested that possibly tea and coffee were to blame, and I decided to give them up, and in casting about for a hot table beverage, which I felt was an absolute necessity, I was led by good fortune to try Postum.

"For more than a year I have used it three times a day and expect, so much good has it done me, to continue its use during the rest of my life.

"Soon after beginning the use of Postum, I found, to my surprise, that, instead of tossing on a sleepless bed through the long, dreary night, I dropped into a sound, dreamless sleep the moment my head touched the pillow.

"Then I suddenly realized that all my nervousness had left me, and my appetite, which had fallen off before, had all at once been restored so that I ate my food with a keen relish.

"All the nervous dread has gone. I walk a mile and a half each way to my work every day and enjoy it. I find an interest in everything that goes on about me that makes life a pleasure. All this I owe to leaving off tea and coffee and the use of Postum, for I have taken no medicine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A Wicked Suggestion.

Reporter—If you will allow me to have the sermon which you are to deliver on Sunday, I will copy it and print it in Monday's paper.

Rev. De Goode—I cannot allow my sermon to go out of my hands. If you will come to church on Sunday, you can hear it and take notes.

Reporter (with dignity)—I do not work on Sundays, sir.

UNCLE SAM NEEDS HELP.

Any of our readers wishing a Government position should send postal immediately to Franklin Institute, Dept. O-79, Rochester, N. Y., for full list of positions open. This list shows the salaries, the duties, and tells how to get the positions.

Dante Never Saw It.

Jinks—I don't believe Dante's description of the Inferno is correct.

Winks—Why not?

Jinks—Not one of the shades said to any other shade: "Is it hot enough for you?"

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 611, Blairsville, Pa.

A Suspicious Character.

Detective—Keep an eye on that woman while I go for help. She's a shoplifter.

Floorwalker—How do you know?

Detective—She buys.

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, O. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (6)

A Compliment on Ice.

Mrs. Gadd—You do not show your age at all.

Mrs. Gabb (delighted)—Don't I?

Mrs. Gadd—No; I see you've scratched it out of your family Bible.

(Continued from page four.)

CHAPTER V.

FOR HIS LIFE.

No disturbance followed the entrance to the room, for Smith discovered nobody there. The instant that Colgrave found his fellow prowler in trouble he foresaw that he was likely to be drawn into the mess if he stayed, and he decided not to stay. Since the day when the old hulk sailed her last voyage somebody had set a decent-sized window into her side where the smaller port-hole had previously been, and it furnished ample chance for a man to pass through hurriedly.

Colgrave had opened the sash, gone through, reclosed the window and half-lowered himself into tne water. When Smith invaded the room the Texan was calmly clinging to a broken plank that was one of many damaged points along the schooner's side, prepared, if need arose, to sink wholly into the river.

What was happening inboard he did not know. He had heard enough to be aware that the ill-dressed young man was in danger, though he had not caught the statement that he must be killed, so, as he was not responsible for his being aboard, he left him to his troubles and lay low.

During the next ten minutes he occasionally heard sounds and voices below decks, but nothing was distinct until these things were transferred to the open air. Then he heard men tramping toward the rail above him, whereupon he sunk a fraction lower.

"Heave!" called out a low, firm voice.

There was a rustle, and an instant after a deep splash not ten feet distant from Colgrave's perch. It sent the water flying over him in a disagreeable way. He passed the fact by with scarcely a thought, for something else impressed him forcibly, and with a sickening fear. He was positive that the splash was that of a human body, and he observed that no fainter splash followed, such as a swimmer would make.

On deck he heard Smith berating the lookout soundly, though in cautious volume of voice, but he did not stay to listen. Dropping wholly, he took a couple of strokes and was over the spot where the burden had fallen. He found nobody there, but he waited, watching keenly. Additionally troubled by the delay he dived. He went to save a life.

A little later he was again in the air, swimming away with a limp form dangling over his person. The fog was less opaque than formerly, and presently he distinguished the outline of the shore. He reached that point and carried his companion to a little group of trees. He was preparing to chafe and try to get life back, but the man began to move already. He turned him slightly and the silent figure suddenly sat upright.

"Say, don't hit me again!" was the terrified plea.

"That's all right, my man!" said Colgrave heartily. "Nobody will hit you. That's done with."

"Why, I'm on land again."

"Solid land, pard."

"How did I get here?"

"I brought you."

"And who are you?"

"Another fellow who found it wise to get clear of that schooner. Lucky for both of us that they didn't get in a lick at me."

"Say," asked the stranger, with sudden animation, "were you hiding in the schooner, too?"

"Something like it."

"Hard luck, man, bedless and supperless—eh?"

"Yes, and no. I could have bought both bed and supper if chance had been given me, but things have gone rough with more than you. Are you hungry and bedless?"

"Fact!"

"You shall have both before you sleep, but before we ring the alarm for creature comforts just tell me what that old hulk is doing out there."

"Let me see. Do I understand—tell a fellow how I got to shore, will you?"

"You invaded the vessel, was caught, hammered over the head and pitched into the river. I dived for you, swam to shore with you, and here we both are."

"Squeeze!"

He held out his hand and a strong grasp was exchanged.

"You saved my life, I reckon," he added. "I sure was plumb unconscious, and you pulled me back from the other river that washes death's land. I'm grateful, and what I can do to repay you I'll do like a willing dog. Now, about that question. Maybe you don't know much about the Potomac River?"

"Until tonight I have not seen it in ten years——"

"Look at it with my eyes. You ask about that schooner. It is an old hulk lying on a sandbar in an arm of the river. Ran aground there long ago, and has been left where it hit, being utterly worthless. Not being in the river proper, and nowhere near the line of navigation, the eagle-eyed Government has never seen fit to remove it. Its name, the Cormorant, can barely be read on the stern. I don't know how it came there, but this I do know."

"Go on!"

"Being a man in hard luck, and noticing it one day a week back, I marked it down as abandoned, and, consequently, a fine bed for me, so I went aboard of an evening for a fine sleep. Much to my surprise I found several men there, and though I did not get a good survey of them, I got out quickly. It was my guess that they were river pirates."

"Do you think so now?"

"No. Saw too much of them tonight. Dressed like nabobs, eh? But to resume. Ever since I've had occasional looks at that schooner, and I was stupid enough to hope that it was mere chance that anybody was there at the time of my first visit, so I went again tonight. How do you spell 'fool'?"

"Have you never seen men there by day?"

"Never."

"No watchman?"

"No."

"What more do you know about the Cormorant?"

"Not a thing."

"And her mysterious inhabitants?"

"Not a thing except that they belted me over the head in a way I don't like. River pirates they can't be, for they are dressed super."

Colgrave relapsed into silence, while his companion stared into the river blackness and was equally mute. The Texan was considering a certain point which he did not want to decide hastily, and the other man had ample food for thought. Suddenly he broke forth impetuously:

"If I had decent clothes to my back I'd get square with that gang!"

"What have clothes to do with it?"

"The man who squares a grudge with money in his pocket is a dignified gentleman who has been wronged, but he who does it with an empty purse is guilty of ruffianly conduct."

"But you bear a grudge?"

"Fact is, I don't like to be hammered over the head and flung into the river when I'm unconscious."

"What's your name?"

"Brickley."

"What are you?"

"What?" and the man let a deep breath well up from his lungs. "That is a tough problem. A few months ago I was a man with a claim against the Government who came here to permit another man to adjust matters for me. He invited me. I know now that that man has been acting the infernal rascal, and I suspect he has reaped some money out of my claim, though how I don't know. He has had the advantage, know. He has had the advantage, and I must be brief. I have done the one thing I could do to worry him—I've stuck right here in Washington until I'm on my uppers. Yes, I'm pretty near—or maybe quite—a tramp, but I meet that man now and then and give him a look that worries him."

"Is your claim just?"

"Just and lawful, but I've fallen among thieves."

"Bad!"

Again Colgrave fell silent, and again he studied a problem of his own. He had seen Brickley clearly enough on board the schooner to read certain things in his nature, and now he was wondering whether sundry other essentials were there. While he studied, Brickley plainly was as deep in thought, and he finally laughed in a hard key.

"Just and lawful," he repeated, as if there had been no pause, "but that knave has all the papers and all the power, and he's high and lofty and I'm only a humble chap. Still, I've harrowed his feelings, and I shall keep it up. I'll stick to him as long as we both live."

Colgrave abruptly reached over and seized his hand.

"Shake!" he exclaimed.

"Sure!" agreed Brickley. "To the death! You saved my life, and I owe you more than words. Can I serve you?"

Colgrave saw a way. The events of the night had satisfied him that he had work to do in Washington, and work outside of collecting his inheritance from Jason Starwake. It was equally clear that if he went to the Washington authorities at the present stage of affairs he would be disbelieved, for the story was too radical to be credited when such men as Jason and his confederates were concerned.

Knowing this, Colgrave had grown ambitious to collect more evidence and present his case in such form that it could not be doubted. To do this would be difficult, and decidedly dangerous. When Jason learned that the scheme to kidnap him had failed he would be a marked man, and the idea of having one confederate himself, one man who would back him up in a crisis, and fight with him, if need be, was alluring.

He had saved Brickley's life. Could he make an ally out of him?

When he spoke again it was to make a proposition, and though he told the man no national secrets, he made an offer and it was accepted. In return for food, a place to sleep and other considerations, the hard-luck man was to devote him his best services, after which Brickley's own troubles were to be considered.

During this conversation Colgrave had not been oblivious to outside events, and at one time he heard a boat rowed away from the schooner. The Cormorant was doubtless clear, except for its watchman, but there was nothing in that quarter to call the adventurers to its deck that night.

Presently, with Brickley acting as guide, they made their way back to Washington. With the hour so late and their clothing barely through dripping, the simplest arrangement for the night seemed best, and they made for a cheap lodging-house where Brickley had sometimes roomed when he had money to pay for accomodations.

Going, their course took them past the White House.

"Rather a nice-looking little tenement," remarked Brickley, chuckling humorously.

"Ever been there?"

"Two or three times, but, strictly between you and me, I never boarded there. Big houses are hard to warm, you know."

"Do you know whether the President is in the city?"

"I reckon he is."

"These are harassing days for him."

"He has the war on his hands, but food is probably plenty in the pantry, he has no room-rent, and I dare say nobody is likely to break in to steal silver or other things. This is one of the few places in the country where peace is certain indoors."

Colgrave made no reply, but the things he had overheard aboard the old schooner came back vividly. He was not so sure the White House was safe.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRUSHED BOAT.

Before noon, the following day, Colgrave had purchased a new suit of clothing and other essentials for Brickley, engaged two rooms in a respectable house, and had his trunk taken there from the railroad station. These steps settled his ally and himself in regular quarters.

Brickley had already been tested in a way. The Texan had abundant money on his person when he was plunged into the river. Of this sum fifty dollars that had been loose in a pocket was thoroughly wet, while the remainder, being in a breast pocketbook, had escaped the dampness. This major portion Colgrave kept out of sight, but the fifty he spread on the table to dry when they retired for the night. In the morning the money was undisturbed. Brickley had had chance to run away with it, but had not yielded to temptation.

That he was to be of practical use was early demonstrated, and his new friend sent him on an errand. Brickley came back with a firm tread due, perhaps, to the betterment of his worldly fortunes.

"What luck?" Colgrave asked.

"Well, I went near the Starwake mansion, according to your directions. The first thing I saw was a vision."

"A vision?"

"Clad in white, with a blue bow or ribbon, or something or other, tan shoes, fluffy light brown hair, and so forth. I am thus precise because you wanted detective work from me."

"Where was this vision?"

"On the Starwake plazza."

"Probably it was Miss Marcia Starwake."

"Very likely. My view of her was short, for a horse was brought, she swung into the saddle and went cantering away. This was the last of the vision. A few minutes later a man appeared on the same plazza. He was one of that gang so conspicuous aboard the schooner, and we may assume that he was Jason Starwake."

"Yes. Well?"

"He saw a newspaper which, perhaps, the vision had left there, and pounced upon it in a way that reminded me of the manner I was pounced upon on board the Cormorant."

"Do you mean eagerly?"

"Eagerly and hastily. Then his motions indicated that he was in search of something particular. Having found it, he read intently."

"Do you know what it was?"

"No. I have neglected to state that I had slipped into the mansion grounds and was hiding behind the shrubbery. Being there, I was close enough to see the name of the paper, so, after my departure, I procured a copy at a newsstand. Permit me! Somewhere near the foot of the left hand column, I think."

Colgrave took the extended paper and ran his eyes over the various headlines. Presently his gaze ceased to wander.

"Here we undoubtedly have it," he remarked. "Man found in river, bruised, as if from a collision or something of that sort, but probably drowned when unconscious. I am only giving you a summary. So Jason was interested in this?"

"Yes, or in some article near that point. He looked for it, read it with keen attention, and then flung down the paper with a curse."

"Did he mutter to himself?"

"Not a word."

"Brickley, that drowned man was the same fellow who opened the door for me when I called at the Starwake mansion. This news item says he had a scar on his left cheek-bone, and I noticed that scar when I was admitted. So he was Starwake's servant, it seems."

Brickley had fallen thoughtful.

"Scar on the left cheek-bone, eh? Describe him more fully."

Colgrave complied, and his companion then nodded briskly.

"I don't believe he was any servant of

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Starwake's. He opened the door to you, and had on buttons and so forth, but I'll bet he was only a substitute for that occasion. I have known a man called Stonewall for some weeks, though only by sight—a fellow of very dubious character. You have described him perfectly."

"We will settle that point. According to this item the body is in Mayley's undertaking rooms. There will be a desire to identify him. Go and have a look, but say nothing."

Brickley went, and when he returned the point was settled. The dead man was Stonewall. Colgrave believed he was the fellow who was steering when the boat was run down by the sailing-craft.

"One of Jason's tools gone," he muttered. "I wonder if Jason knows that I escaped. More likely he is guessing whether I, too, perished in the collision. Well, we can name Stonewall, and his taking off is lucky for me. He was the only person who saw my face in the Starwake mansion, and his change of expression when I made myself known indicated that he did not know it was I until I stated the fact. Do you see the point?"

"Do you mean ——"

"Possibly there is no man of Jason's gang who knows how I look. I was a small boy when I was last in Washington, and a slender little chap at that. Now, my hair has grown much darker, I am taller than any other of the Starwake family, and I feel sure that I would not be recognized even by my uncle. Granted that nobody has seen me but Stonewall as Colgrave, I may be able to live on here unrecognized until I see fit to divulge my identity."

"And so be able to work the more successfully."

"Just so. I had that in mind when I gave my name at this house as Clarke, but I remembered that so-called servant with appreciensions. Luck is with me. With him dead, I may be able to remain Clarke."

"Until ——"

"Until—why, that word is a whole volume in itself! Until!"

Colgrave reached forth a big, muscular hand and slowly closed and opened it several times. Brickley, watching, saw a deep sparkle in his eyes. His gratitude to his rescuer had been supplemented by general admiration, and now, as he saw that working hand, and noted the keen gray eyes, square jaw and indomitable face in general of his companion, he knew he was with a man who would make a great fight when he set out, and labor patiently, powerfully and relentlessly to the desired end.

Brickley had wrongs of his own that rankled deep, and, though he knew but little more about Colgrave than the family affair, his sympathy was with him to the limit.

"There's a glorious fight ahead," he thought, "and I'd a deal rather be with him than against him."

"There is a good deal of work ahead of me," said Colgrave, stirring himself after a little meditation. "I greatly want to learn more about Adam Smith, the head of the gang, the amiable man who pounded the senses out of you; but I reckon I should be none the wiser if I learned all that is known of him. In a personal sense, by anybody in Washington. I am going to the White House this afternoon."

This remark conveyed little to the ally who was only partly in the Texan's confidence, and he smiled lightly.

"Like a loyal American," he suggested.

Colgrave's keen gray eyes took on a sudden gleam.

"Decidedly," he agreed, "like a loyal American."

"What can I do?"

"Besides Smith the men aboard the Cormorant were named Black, Tripp, Steele and Ward. Be so good as to get a directory and copy all names of that kind, and then we will see what we can study out. Three of the four will doubtless be numerous, but we may guess much and later learn what we can't guess. For my part, my first errand is back to that cove in the river where the schooner lies, to investigate by daylight, for we may want to visit there again soon."

Brickley, whose recollection were not pleasant, opened his lips to say he had enough of the Cormorant and her gang, but he closed the lips without a sound. Then they opened again sharply.

"When you want me say so."

"After last night's events," reminded Colgrave, looking at him gravely, "going on board will be mighty risky business."

"If you think there is need I'm ready to go with you, or alone."

"I shall not ask you to go alone, and I fancy when the visit is made I shall be the only one to risk life——"

"Let me have place at your elbow!" exclaimed Brickley.

"Perhaps! Now, then, each to his present business."

They went out, and while the ally took hold of his minor task Colgrave set off on his own investigation. The night before his life had been attempted, but he walked with a bold, free step, and shunned the attention of no man. He had not fought and survived in the far Southwest to waver now, and nothing would have pleased him more than to know that he was touching elbows with those who were bound to be his bitter enemies. All that was combative in his nature had been awakened and he was eager for the fight.

Another thought was much in his mind. There was but slight show of military men, considering that the war with Spain was on, and most of the pedestrians were citizens who moved as easily as if commerce was the only element of interest in life.

He wondered what these men would say if they knew there was a plot hatched to "steal the White House." He wondered what they would say if they knew certain of their number were scheming to deal the United States a deadly blow in the house of its friends. Washington was a sleeping volcano, but perhaps the conspirators and himself were the only persons who knew it.

A car-ride and another walk took him to the vicinity he wanted to view. Reaching the river he found a cover of trees and paused to look. The Potomac sent its discolored waters along sluggishly, as usual, and was there free from vessels, but in the cove the Cormorant was lying in gloomy solitude. Brickley had said she was on a sand-bar, but as she had resisted the floods of some years it was more likely she was held by hidden rocks of some kind.

It was a battered old hulk, with one bulwark deeply breached and a single mast that leaned painfully. On her deck was a raffle like and unlike the sea. Fragments of spars and bits of stained, ragged rope were there, but there, too, were boxes and pieces of boxes that had a shore look even to novice eyes.

And this place was solitude. No human being was visible, no caretaker in good clothes and no watchman. Colgrave was perplexed. The schooner was something wholly unlike the resort of desperate men, for what was to prevent their secrets from being penetrated by an idle investigator? That something was there to prevent he felt assured, and the more he dwelt upon the seeming desertion by man the more he drew back into the trees. All the secrets of the schooner were not yet discovered.

For an hour he kept his watch, and then, making a circuit to avoid possible attention from the Cormorant, he strolled down-stream, committing the topography of the river to his mind as he went. It was well to prepare for the struggle that might yet come at that point, and the better acquainted he was with the surroundings the better he could carry on the fight.

He had walked for ten minutes when he reached a curving bit of river-bank where two trees stood in the midst of a thicket. He was about to pass idly when he caught view of something that checked him. Entering the side of the thicket he thrust the bushes aside, reached out and pulled hard at something.

When he again stood erect he had a boat at his feet, but one that had served man for the last time. The entire port side was stove in, a portion was missing, and a fragment of the rail under was bent until it barely hung to the rest of the boat by the pins. And the wound that had destroyed the craft was fresh.

Colgrave felt assured that this was the boat where he had nearly lost his life. The sailing craft, sweeping down upon it relentlessly, had crushed the side in and taken Stonewall's life. The wreck was a part of the tragedy, and now, a mute witness, and he was bending over it to see if, by chance, a name was painted anywhere, when he heard the pounding of horse's feet. He turned and saw a young woman coming quickly toward him.

First sight suggested no more than that she was sitting her mount with grace and unusual ease, and that she was a comely figure, but these items were quickly forgotten. He saw that she was looking intently, and that it was too late to get away. Annoyed, he remained still, and she presently pulled in her horse a few feet from where he stood.

For a brief time her attention was wholly upon the boat and her eyes were sparkling with feeling of some sort, but she finally swept Colgrave a glance and pointed with her whip.

"What is that?" she demanded imperiously.

"A broken boat," he answered quietly.

"That is plain. How did it happen?"

"I did not see the affair."

"Whose boat is it?" she swiftly continued.

"Look beneath the splintered thwart and see if a name is there."

Her manner was still imperious, but, seeming to undergo a sudden change, she started and flushed deeply.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she resumed, and her expression was as penitent as her words. "I was anxious, and I forgot myself. Pray overlook my fault. Will you kindly look——"

"Most willingly."

He knelt in the boat, and, though he had never seen a name in such a place before, found letters under the thwart. He rose and faced her.

"The name is Triton," he said quietly.

"I feared so," she murmured, drawing a quivering sigh, and the color faded from her. "Sir, you say you do not know how it happened?"

"I have only just arrived here, and the boat was as you see it. The breech is very recent, however, for the wood has not discolored."

"And the men who were in her?"

Colgrave began to have fresh interest. He was one of the men, but he did not care to say so. The fact that the fair rider was so deeply concerned was impressive, and he began to wonder why. Venturing an evasive reply that they might possibly have escaped unharmed, he studied her face more sharply. A familiarity began to assert itself, and with other aids to understanding he would have been slow had he not caught the clew.

The young woman was Marcia Starwake, adopted daughter of Jason. He was facing the daughter of the man who had tried to kill him, and she was deeply interested in the boat. Grasping this fact he braced himself for what was to come.

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THE LUCK OF GREGORY;

Or, A Rocky Road to Fortune

By JULIAN F. DARROW

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CHAPTER X.

GOMEZ CHANGES HIS MIND.

MR. GOMEZ evidently did not appreciate the humor of that query—truth to tell, he was not in a very good position for exchanging badinage of any sort, for with each fresh hold taken by the canine teeth in the calf of his right leg he probably had visions of future dangers from hydrophobia; besides, the difficulties of explaining in court this early morning visit to his new patron in his abode might have begun to worry him.

"Take the devil off, sir, before he chews me to pieces. If he changes his grip to my throat I'm a dead goner. For the love of heaven shoot him—I'd do it myself only I lost my gun. He's workin' up the leg, I tell you; he's got that blazing eye of his on my throat as sure as you live. Kill the beast, sir! It's murder to let him mangle a poor wretch this way—kill him!" groaned the man.

Bob understood it all without any trouble. Gomez had a hard face, as he had admitted to himself when employing the fancier to handle Ajax, and no doubt he was not above cracking a crib when the chances of booty with little risk lured him on; so he had followed Bob that afternoon when he led the dog away, and learned that he was living in the haunted house back of the gloomy hedge.

No doubt Gomez figured it out that if a young chap could hold the fort there night after night, what fear was there of wandering spirits—he may even have reached the conclusion, warranted under the circumstances, that the rumor of the deserted house being haunted had been circulated simply as a means of keeping light-fingered gentry away, for it was known that considerable stuff had been left in the old mansion when it was given up to the spooks after the death of Robert Gregory.

And of course Gomez knew of another fellow who would not be averse to taking up a little adventure for the sake of gain; so that the twain had come along at an hour when the lone inmate of the place was apt to be sleeping the soundest, and of course, being experienced in the art of coaxing doors to open at their request, had little difficulty in effecting an entrance—why, the obliging Bob had even greased the way when he applied that oil to the hinges of the front door so as to stop that infernal squeak that annoyed his sensitive nerves: perhaps, given time, he might have gone a step further and seen to it that those noisy stairs stopped their abominable snapping when any one ventured to place his weight upon them.

And Gomez, having handled dogs all his life, doubtless imagined it would be easy for him to cow the canine guardian of the mansion, especially since he had already had Ajax in hand, and made friends with him after his fashion. But he guessed wrong, for once; Ajax was not that kind of dog, else why should that committee have bestowed the blue ribbon upon him as the premium beast of his class?

Bob knew full well that he might have commanded or pleaded until black in the face, and the beast would have paid not the least attention to him so far as releasing his clutch was concerned—his jaws were set for good, and it must be a marvel that would cause them to relax save in death. But there was a method, and Andy Jason had supplied him with the means, at the same time explaining in his humorous way how he had come to discover the same.

"In many places along the Atlantic coast, and especially down in Florida, there is a little pest called a tick, that, fastening its head in the flesh pumps itself full of blood—if after it finds lodgment one attempts to pull it out the result is the dislocation of the head and consequent trouble; but a few drops of kerosene judiciously applied causes the little insect to back out in absurd haste.

"And in the case of a bulldog that has fastened his jaws in the iron grip so impossible to break through force or wheedling, a couple of pumps of that little ammonia gun which bicyclists carry will do the business every time; for how can even the most ferocious beast keep hold when compelled to sneeze?

"Just wait here until I return—I won't be gone half a minute, and Ajax will entertain you meanwhile. Keep up a brave front—your troubles will soon be over," said Bob, encouragingly, as he turned and ran up the stairs again.

Mr. Gomez groaned despairingly, showing that the shafts of sarcasm had been wasted in that quarter. Oh, yes! he would wait, he was in no hurry; but unless the young man hurried his troubles would indeed be over with that ferocious brute slowly but surely climbing upward with each fresh hold.

Having secured the ammonia pistol Bob came down again, taking two steps with each jump, and even then he was far behind the record Gomez had made when he headed for the bottom of the stairs after reconsidering his notion of investigating the upper regions of the house.

First the young man stuck the candle on a table where it would continue to dimly illumine the scene; this he did because he thought it advisable for him to have the free use of both hands, since it was entirely problematical what course the dog might take after being forced to let go, and Bob had no desire to find him springing at his throat. If necessary he meant to shoot the beast—what was five hundred dollars when a human life lay in jeopardy; besides, Mr. Hogg would readily stand for another "touch" if the occasion warranted it.

"Now see here, Gomez, when he lets go do you drag yourself through that door in a hurry. I rather think you've been punished enough as it is, and we'll let it go at that; but you want to keep clear of this place after tonight, remember. Now, I'm going to shoot him, but with ammonia instead of lead. Get ready!"

Mr. Gomez said nothing, and there was no means of learning how he felt about this kindness on the part of the other; but Bob was not doing this for thanks. Ajax glared at him as he held the little rubber-ball pistol near; then puff, puff it went, sending the liquid in a spray into the nose and mouth and eyes of the beast. It seemed a cruel remedy, but nothing short of this would have availed; and besides, Bob had no heart for beating the dog over the head with a club.

Instantly Ajax released his iron grip and growled in fury; but before he could make an aggressive move he was seized with a terrible convulsion of sneezing and rolled over upon the floor, doubtless in pain, for his goggle eyes were just as sensitive to the smart of the hartshorn as those of any human being.

Mr. Gomez waited not upon the order of his going, and Bob was compelled to smile at the astonishing rapidity with which he scrambled to his feet, clawed at the knob of the front door, with one eye cast behind him at the writhing canine figure on the floor, and after opening a way of escape, shooting through, almost tumbling down the front steps in his haste, and hobbling away like one possessed.

Bob took one look outside; the moon gave enough light for him to see Gomez just vanishing through the gate in the hedge, and closing the same after him as though he still feared lest that four-legged devil recover from his temporary fit and bound after him, bent upon renewing their warm attachment.

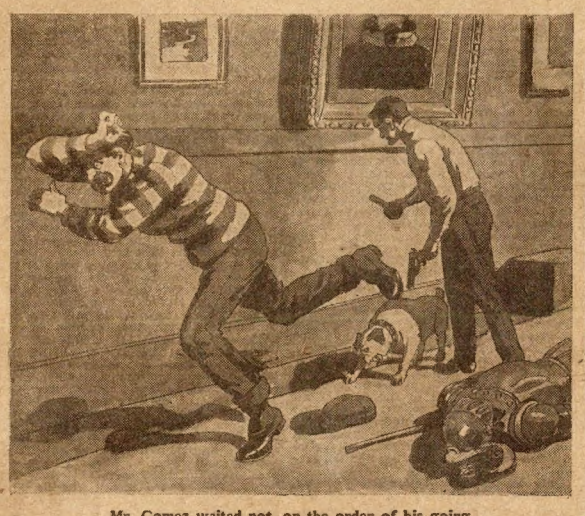
Then Bob went in, shut the door and propped something up against it that would prevent ingress on the part of more desperate characters; for evidently the key in the lock was an insufficient guard against their wiles; and then he felt that he could pay attention to the almost distracted beast rolling about on the floor.

He knew Ajax would never forgive him for such a mean trick, and that evidently the beast's usefulness to him was at an end. But that same Ajax would have a mighty big respect for the little squirt-gun, and slink away at sight of the same, no matter how ugly he felt toward the one who handled it; and Bob's power for the future must be vested in that weapon of defense.

Taking hold of the chain he unfastened it from the leg of the wrecked mahogany table, and then spoke to the dog, bidding him go upstairs ahead; for not on his life would Bob have allowed that red-eyed beast to trail behind him, in the present condition of affairs.

Ajax managed to get upon his unshapely legs, though he tottered some, and still manifested a disposition to sneeze at the slightest provocation; he bent a savage look on his master that was eloquent enough to tell what he thought of one who would treat a poor faithful dog so meanly when he was but doing his duty, and had so set his heart, and teeth, upon retaining a reminder of their caller.

Of course there was no means of communication between Bob and the dog, whereby the former could explain his reasons for such actions; so it had to rest that way, with a gulf separating them that might not be bridged.



Mr. Gomez waited not on the order of his going.

Bob again fastened the animal on the landing above, keeping his eyes constantly on him while thus employed, for he did not trust the other a moment; but Ajax seemed to have made up his mind that it was useless working for such a master, who could not appreciate his devotion; so he curled himself up in a knot as if disgusted with all things in general, and meant to seek forgetfulness in sleep.

If there came another soft foot stealing up those stairs, let the master himself do the circus act down into the other regions—he was out of the game for keeps.

Bob so interpreted the actions of the dog, and felt that he could not blame him for looking askance at the two-legged biped who controlled his business.

He again sought his cot, but sleep was foreign to his eyes the balance of that night; for the adventure had thrilled him so thoroughly that he could not quiet his brain, but lay there thinking and planning until the light of another day brought relief.

After he had broken his fast his first act was to take Ajax home. He had written a note to his friend telling some of the circumstances and why the animal's usefulness had come to an untimely end; still, Ajax had done his work all right, and he could recommend him as a first-class sticking-plaster, warranted to adhere, unless ammonia were applied.

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If the under dog started the fight he is entitled to all he gets.

A wise man doesn't know as much as the fool thinks he knows.

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And some wives are willing to do all the quarreling if their husbands will do all the making up.

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pleted, and he had seen the last of those glaring red eyes and those wonderful bow-legs that sustained the squat brindle-colored body. Bob breathed a great sigh of relief, and his hand, unconsciously perhaps, tenderly caressed his throat; for to tell the truth it had been somewhat of a nightmare with him, the possibility that he might find those white teeth snapping at his neck some fine day, when Ajax happened to have his ugly temper crossed.

He took advantage of his freedom from care to drop down at the chambers in Temple Court, and see his good friend, Mr. Hogg, who was very much interested in his several exciting experiences, and chuckled a great deal while listening to a recital of the same.

"Aha! you are earning your bread by the sweat of your brow, my boy," said the lawyer. "Three months of this sort of thing ought to compensate for all that is coming to you. To tell the truth, it would have to be something mighty positive that would tempt me to do what you have undertaken in such light spirits. But I like to see it—in others. Keep up the good work—corral all the visitors you have, either burglars or cherubim, from aloft. Meanwhile I am working on your case, and will soon be ready to cast a thunderbolt among our fine friends, the De Peysters. Possibly they will not feel so high and mighty when four-fifths of the Gregory fortune is torn from their grasp. But must you go, son? Well, let me hear from you often, and call on me in case you get into any serious trouble. Archibald, show Mr. Gregory out."

CHAPTER XI.

It seemed unusually lonely that night to Bob. He really missed the company of Ajax, for there had been something about his business look that gave confidence in his ability to do his part toward guarding the building against intruders.

He had come up while there still remained an hour of daylight, for he brought with him a fine brass bolt that he wished to place upon the front door; the keys were next to worthless against the attacks of cracksmen he would try something warranted to give them much more trouble.

This contrivance was of course only to be in use while he was home; but as he had spoken to the officer on the beat, and enlisted his good sympathy through a little "paling" act, he knew the mansion would be kept under surveillance between sunrise and sunset.

It was also his intention to see the night force, and have them on the alert also; for while Bob thought he could attend to all the celestial visitors who might choose to drop in during his incumbency, he did not feel the same way with regard to yeggs and burglars of the old school, not having been educated along such lines, and the one experience with Gomez had been quite enough.

On the way home he had gone aside to see what the fellow thought of matters, and perhaps to give him a little word of warning as to the fate of all transgressors; but if so, the homily was never delivered, for behold, Gomez had gone, his place was in other hands, and Bob was given to understand that the dog fancier had taken a hurried departure for Canada.

This he did not believe, of course, since the fellow would be laid up for some time with that leg which Ajax had gnawed upon; and the probability was he could have been found in some hospital, if one had cared to go to the trouble of looking, which of course Bob did not.

Seeing that he had only spent two nights in the house Bob thought he was certainly getting his full share of excitement, and as he lay there smoking, and of course sending many sly glances toward the picture which was turned to the wall, (though he had looked at the face in the frame since entering) he wondered what else fortune could have in store for him.

Three months meant some ninety days in all, and taking two from that left quite a bunch for him to look forward to.

Perhaps for the sake of company he might pick up a little intelligent fox terrier, to whom he could talk when it became too lonely; his one experience with a grim warrior of the Ajax type had been quite enough to satisfy him that what he wanted was a social partner, not a bloodthirsty defender.

He went through his duties with clock-like regularity, and after the hour of one found solace in sleep; for nothing happened to disturb the tranquility of his surroundings, and he again saw dawn through the window in the hall. The fire had been pleasant, his pipe sweet, and his meditations along an order conducive to comparative happiness—what reason then had he to complain of the way Fate took him in hand? So a week in all drifted by.

He had the promise of a smart little dog in a few days, and anticipated more or less pleasure putting him through his antics as well as teaching him new tricks in order to pass the time away. For it was getting horribly monotonous, this lonely vigil night after night, while he knew the boys were having a splendid time downtown where the light made old Broadway seem like noon.

"Makes me think of the quail wager," Bob declared, when telling his troubles to sympathetic Andy Jason; "you know how a fellow bets he can eat just one quail a day for thirty consecutive days; it goes along nicely for a few times, then he begins to get weary of the taste, and by the time the fifteenth day arrives he is squeamish, and when twenty have gone the very notion of quail turns his stomach. Well, that's the way with me, I've got to the squeamish stage; and the idea of all the weeks that stretch out ahead makes me squirm."

"Well, I'd like to do a little of that same squirming, that's all, you lucky dog, you. Don't you dare say another word. I tell you it's a snap, the biggest ever heard of, and what a future you've got ahead of you—travel all over the world, putting up at the best hotels, owning your steam yachts and your luxurious car—don't speak to me about hardships; I tell you it's all tommyrot. You're just hugging yourself at the chance every time you breathe," declared Andy, stoutly.

And Bob knew it was true. He was certainly the luckiest fellow alive, to have this fine old fortune, he, who had been on the lowest rung of the ladder, and almost ready to cry quits. Let come what would, he was bound to stick that vigil out to the end, regardless.

The weather had grown better of late, and it seemed that with the near approach of April old Winter had taken his flight; but there were the equinoctial storms still to be heard from, and if they kept up their usual reputation for severity it was very probable that Bob would pass more than one uncomfortable night in that old building, with the high winds sweeping through the trees, and the blasts shaking the walls. And the weather reports indicated that the time was now ripe, since a storm was sweeping up the coast and another from the West, so that if they joined forces and descended together upon the devoted city Gotham might have much damage to record ere the gale passed out to sea.

The evening looked dirty, as he left the restaurant where he had dined, and he did not much enjoy the idea of quitting the genial company of his comrades at about ten and heading north. It was not raining, but the wind had arisen to a considerable degree of violence, and while this mattered very little among the tall buildings, where warmth and electricity abounded, Bob shrugged his shoulders at speculating how it must whistle and moan around the gables of the house among the trees, to which he was now bound in a taxi.

Of course he was growing more or less accustomed to seeing the gloomy aspect back of that aggressive hedge, but nevertheless it did strike quite a chill through his form on this night in particular; for with the heavens covered with swift-flying black clouds and the limbs of the trees giving out doleful sounds as they scraped against each other or the corners of the mansion, the prospect was not enticing by any means.

"A pleasant outlook for me tonight, it seems. But as long as the roof holds good and keeps the rain out I can't complain. Time was, and not so long ago, either, when I was dreadfully concerned about whether I would have any roof over my head within twenty-four hours. Oh, yes! I'm not kicking any, Jason to the contrary. Well, here's to go in."

It would have been very handy to be able turn a switch upon entering the front door, and flood the hall with electricity; but since that was not available Bob did the next best thing, struck a match and applied it to the candle that was always kept religiously waiting for him just inside.

Ever since that engaging scene between Ajax and the intended thief, he had been entertaining some sort of qualmy feeling with respect to this same hall; for it was so easy to conjure up the rolling forms, with the powerful brute on top, his square head shaking to and fro with the violence of his attack, and Bob had got to the point where he began to "see things" in the dark. But the house was still save for the clamor of the storm outside, that occasionally brought forth a creak or a groan of protest from some weather-beaten clapboard, or dislodged another shingle from the roof.

Thanks to his precaution the fire was always ready to touch a match to when he arrived, and it was certainly cheerful to see the flames dart in and out among the fat pine kindlings, until the log caught, and with a roar the thing was done.

He was uneasy on this night; he could feel it in his distaste for reading; and even his favorite pipe failed to just satisfy him somehow. What was the cause it might be hard to say; but no doubt the gathering storm had considerable to do with the fact; for some people are so constituted that when the elements jar they seem in sympathy, and nothing pleases.

Despite his efforts to turn his mind in other quarters he seemed disposed to review the entire case on this night, going back to his discovery of that ominous looking envelope on the table in his room, and coming down to the present status of the matter. And as usual he had to go and turn that wonderfully, fascinating picture around again and

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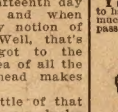

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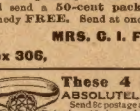

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study the poise of the head, the expression of unconscious power, the mysterious well of knowledge that lay deep hidden in the depths of those midnight orbs.

But it was not idle curiosity alone, nor yet any subtle attraction that caused Bob to do this same; he was struggling hard to grasp something that continually eluded him, a memory that seemed to hover just beyond his reach, ever evading him. Where had he seen a face like this of Caraminta—had he indeed met the girl at some time in the dim past; or was it a face that one of his painter friends had taken pains to transfer to canvass for a Joan or Arc?

In vain he cudgeled his poor brain for a solution of this perplexing problem; and yet every time he looked at that face it seemed more and more familiar as connected with some event of his past life. It was not like Bob to forget anything of moment either; why, he could easily bring to mind the faces of every girl he had ever known; but none seemed to fit in with that remarkable countenance.

Beaten again and again he would never give up until he had found a solution to the mystery; if it did not come tonight, then another occasion would possibly see him meet with success; but somehow it seemed to Bob that if he could only clutch the solution to this problem the balance must come to a speedy conclusion.

He idly began to write names upon a pad of paper, wondering if some suggestion might not crop up in this way; some years ago this girl was a governess in the house on Lexington avenue; but then he had never been in that same mansion, and so how could that affect him in the least? That was plain reasoning, and yet it did not appear to convince Bob thoroughly that he was very wide of the truth; indeed, he had pretty much the same feeling that encourages one when searching for the lost handkerchief, and is told that he is getting "warm—warmer—warmer."

"Given another day and I believe I'll hit the truth. Just now I don't care to keep the thing up, for fear of murdering sleep. But if that wind keeps on growing stronger I rather fancy there'll be mighty little sleep for Robert J. tonight, anyway. Ugh! why, the old house fairly shook in disgust that time, when the blast tore around the corner. But it looks snug in here all right. I'm sorry for the poor devils who haven't shelter over their heads tonight, so I am. What's the matter with that tobacco—It doesn't seem to strike me right, and I'll have to try a cigar for a change. I'm sure as uneasy as a wet hen, and if I was a believer in signs I'd just bet something was bound to happen here before another dawn; but that thing is settled, and I've determined that there's not a particle of superstition in my make-up. Hang it, I forgot to turn that picture to the wall again; that means climb up and do it, for I'd never sleep easy with Mlle. Diablo smiling down upon me with that cynical and mysterious look on her devilishly bewitching face," and he took the trouble to carry his words into effect.

This capital story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs you $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Befriending Rockefeller.

Some folks think that Percy Rockefeller is the white hope of the Rockefeller family. He is credited with being wise and wary, equipped with a positive gush of conversation that doesn't commit, when that sort of chatter is needed, and to be so silent at other times that a dungeon in a deaf and dumb asylum would sound like the echo gallery in Mammoth Cave by comparison. He keeps a thumb on the public pulse, and knows a lot of things about popular sentiment that many other rich men do not know.

The other night he went to a roadway restaurant with a party of friends. The restaurant is rather a favorite of his, and the immature pirate in charge of the hat room had learned to know him. Mr. Rockefeller handed him his mukeed and desiccated old brown hat as he entered. It was a good hat—once. The hat pirate looked on Mr. Rockefeller with pity in his gaze. By and by Mr. Rockefeller's little supper ended, and he returned to the coatroom to retrieve his bonnet. Instead of that decrepit old brown lid the boy handed him a brand-new one of the same general form and bearing the label of America's most expensive maker. It fitted Rockefeller perfectly, but he handed it back. "That isn't my hat," said he.

"Get wise, bo," said the hat pirate. "Nudge by with it while you can. It's worth ten of them old kettles you been wearin'."

Mr. Rockefeller said that was undoubtedly true. But he did not want to rob an unknown of a new hat.

"Say," said the hat boy, in disgust, "I thought I was doin' you a favor, because you been a good feller. But you better go back wherever you come from. You ain't bright enough to do business in Noo York."

Uncle—Did you have a good time at the picnic?

Nephew—Well, I should say so; sis got into a bees' nest; dad fell into the butter and ma burnt her fingers making the coffee.

Choctaws Rich.

"The Choctaw is the richest Indian in the world," said M. V. Locke Jr., Governor of the Choctaw Nation. "There are approximately 23,000 Choctaws in Oklahoma, 9,000 of whom are full bloods. It has been estimated that every one of the Choctaws is worth about $5,000. This is in cash and interest in the lands owned in common by the Indians. Outside of the land that has been allotted to the members of the Choctaw Nation there are more than a million acres of land in the public domain owned by the Choctaw Indians, for which these Indians will be paid when the land is sold.

"The Choctaws are the most advanced Indians in this country. They never have been vicious like some other tribes, and always have been in the front rank of progress. But the full-blood Choctaw is rapidly decreasing. It is only a question of time, perhaps a quarter of a century, when there will be a few, if any, left.

"What is the reason for this? I suppose it is civilization. The full-blood Indian cannot be restricted and live long. He is used to the woods, the forest, the open life of the prairies, and when he is required to observe the civilized laws of health, to eat at a table with a cloth on it and partake of food that he has not been accustomed to, then he is bound to pine and eventually die.

"In the Choctaw Nation, as well as among other civilized tribes, there is building up a high-class citizenship, with the Indian as the basis. In the last few years I have observed that the Indian citizen of Oklahoma more and more has been taking advantage of his franchise as a voter."

Beneficence of Rain.

The real beneficence of rain is appreciated in this favored land only once or twice in a generation, when a prolonged drought has parched the earth and threatened the crops. But in countries of scant rainfall men in all ages have valued the gift of the clouds. Biblical literature is full of references that may be read with a fuller understanding because of the widespread rains of the past summer in the middle West.

In the book of Job, among the great and unsearchable and marvelous things attributed to God is the sending of rain upon the earth and water upon the fields. Beneficent things are likened to the coming of rain. "My doctrine," says Deuteronomy, "shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distill as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." The same figure is used in the twenty-second Psalm: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth." "His going forth," Hosea says, "is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and the former rain unto the earth."

Understandable, too, in the light of the drought, is the use of the figure of the empty clouds to signify disappointment. Repeatedly during the past summer have men watched the heavy clouds form, only to be dissipated without precipitation. The farmers of Palestine must have had similar experiences. "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift," the Hebrew proverb says, "is like clouds and wind without rain."

In times of excessive rain, when the clouds darken the sky day after day, people sometimes become impatient over the continued downpour. At such times they may well recall the beauty of the first showers that broke the drought of 1911.

Their Call.

A story about two members of the English polo team, Capt. Hardress Lloyd and Capt. H. H. Wilson, was narrated, with much amusement last July in New York.

The two young men—so the story runs—were expected at a certain country house on the Hudson during the hot weather. Their hostess had composed with great care a program for them—a program beginning with a cool bath after their journey and running on through a motor ride, an open-air luncheon, a game of bridge, tea, etc. And immediately on their arrival the program was put in operation.

"I know how fond you Englishmen are of bathing," the hostess said, "and now, the first thing, I insist on your taking a bath. You look so hot and dusty, I'm sure you will enjoy it.

But the guests, in their polite, mild, English way, demurred. The lady, however, was firm, and Captain Lloyd and Captain Wilson, murmuring inarticulate and vain protests, were led upstairs by footmen to two cool marble baths.

They were absent about an hour. Then, looking much cooler, they came downstairs, went straight to their hostess and said, hurriedly: "We are sorry to leave so soon, but we came only to make a call, and our train goes now in fifteen minutes."

Wrecking in Key West.

For generations the Florida Keys—a chain of coral reefs covered with semi-tropical vegetation, stretching from Miami to Key West—have been celebrated on all the water fronts of the world for the trouble they make the deep-sea men. The Keys lie directly in the path of the West Indian schooners and all, from the most ancient to the most modern, often find themselves helplessly stranded, and, more often than not, are beaten to pieces. In a recent hurricane 300 craft, big and small, were driven ashore. There is therefore, in time of gales, salvage to win. Wrecking is a profitable avocation—it is always ostensibly an avocation—and is prosecuted with fervor; a certain wrecking master of Key West has had as much as $16,000 for his attentions to a wreck through a period of sixteen days. Followed with daring and skill and a merciless lack of sympathy for skippers in trouble, wrecking has yielded fortunes to the islanders, and it is thus that it has been followed for generations.

"I was hoping the Spanish Princess would turn up here," remarked a wrecker of Key West, with a casual sigh, "but I see by the bulletin that she's safe in Vera Cruz."

There was a general sigh.

"There's just two ways of getting rich in Key West," added a wealthy manufacturer; "I'm in the cigar business myself."

Saw No Snakes.

"Now, Nora," said the departing physician to the Irish girl, who was nursing a bad case of fever, "if the patient sees snakes again, give him a dose of this medicine. I will be in at 6."

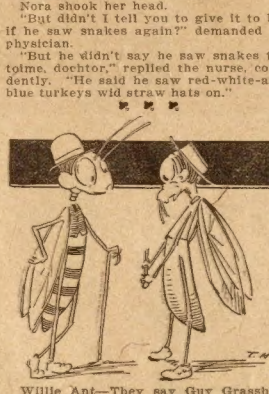
The hour for his return arrived. The physician once more visited the sick patient, and found him raving. He had been so, said the nurse, for hours.

"And did you give him the medicine?" inquired the puzzled doctor.

Nora shook her head.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he saw snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't say he saw snakes this toime, dochtor," replied the nurse, confidently. "He said he saw red-white-and-blue turkeys wid straw hats on."



Willie Ant—They say Guy Grasshopper's got a job in a brewery.

Charlie Gnat—What at?

Willie Ant—Oh, just looking after the hops.

Their Allowance.

The most recent example of Police President von Jagow's paternal interest in the citizens of Berlin is the decree he issued fixing the sum per diem for food for domestic servants during the absence of their employers for the summer holidays. "Domestic servant" includes everything from maid-of-all-work to butler. The allowance is fixed at 42 cents a day for males and 38 cents for females, and wages also are to be paid in full. The ordinary board wage of the servants of the English middle class is 36 cents.

A ringleader is the first chap to reach the girl's home with a solitaire.

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TICKLISH TACKLES

"That There Flute."

A large musician with a large violoncello hailed a hansom. "Drive me to King's Hall!" he said.

When, after a hard tussle, he had wedged himself and his instrument into the area of the cab, the driver cracked his whip and drove off.

They reached the hall. The musician alighted and took out a shilling.

"What's this demanded the driver.

"Your legal fare," said the musician.

"Yes, I know it's my legal fare for carrying you," retorted the John, with a direful glance at the bulky instrument, "but what about that there flute?"

His Answer.

Admiral Hichorn once had a Chinese servant named Chow, whom he brought with him from the East. One day Chow asked permission to go to a funeral.

"All right," said the admiral. Then he added: "I suppose you will put a lot of food and sweetmeats on his grave, as they do in China?

"Now, Chow," continued the admiral, "when do you think the dead Chinaman will come up to eat the food you leave on his grave?"

"Allee same time Melican man comes up to smellee flowers you leave on his grave," answered Chow, urbanely.

Messenger—That's it! Just my luck! Beginning to rain, and I haven't got an umbrella.

A Great Occasion.

"Some folks," commented Mr. Pessleo, judicially, "seem to be gifted in the way of expressing themselves wrong." Mr. Blake concurred, and even went so far as to mention his own wife as a good example. But Mr. Pessleo did not allow himself to be diverted.

"Now there's Mis' Parkins," he went on, as if he alone had spoken. "I don't s'pose there's a neater woman in this village. If there's one as neat as Mis' Parkins. An' yet I heard her say something this mornin' that 'ud give a stranger, or a pusson that didn't know her, an entirely different idea.

"I went in there for a moment this mornin' to see that niece of 'Lish Parkins—the one that went to York State fourteen years ago," continued Mr. Pessleo, warming to his recital, "an' she an' Mis' Parkins was a-telling over old times.

"I don't know what the event was that Mis' Parkins was tryin' to call to the girl's mind. It don't make no odds what it was. What I want to tell you was how she fixed the date of whatever it was.

"It seems that the girl couldn't just remember all about it, an' Mis' Parkins was about on the edge of shoving a little out o' patience with her, and at last she—Mis' Parkins, I mean—bust out at her. She says:

"'Why, Ella, of course you remember! Don't you remember that awful hot day sixteen years ago—the day I washed 'Lisha's shirt?'

"Now," demanded Mr. Pessleo, "what would a stranger have thought of that?"

Busybodies.

"I never saw such a rubberneck," sneered Mrs. Gabble. "Just because the doctor stopped at our house yesterday she wanted to know what the matter was."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Naybor; "I wonder how she'd like the rest of us to be that curious about her. You know the doctor stopped at her house today, too."

"You don't say? I wonder what's the matter there?"

Ever Hopeful.

"So you think this hait on horse racing is a good thing?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Jinglewood.

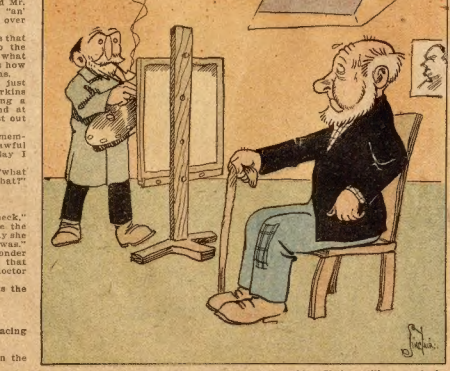
"I thought you were interested in the turf."

"I am. But it doesn't do any harm to let the public save up a little money now and then, to be delivered over in larger installments when we open up again."

Different.

There was a big, overgrown, bashful hooby of a farmer's son who was afraid even to speak to a girl, and whose father one day finally lost patience and scolded him roundly for not looking about and finding some girl to marry. "Why," he said, "at your age I had been married three years and had a house and a farm of my own!"

"Well, but dad," complained the boy, "that ain't the same thing at all. You only had to marry mother, while I've got to go and hunt up some strange girl and ask her to marry me!"



Artist (to country model)—You'd better rest a bit. Sitting still seems to be very trying to you.

Model (mindful of instructions at local photographer's)—It ain't the settin' still, mister. It's the holding of my breath.

Jim's Wife.

After the report had been current for a week that Jim's wife, whom Jim had met and married and was still secluding in Chicago, was ugly as sin, a friend who had Jim's interests at heart ran down the author of the rumor with the intention of making her retract.

"How do you know she is ugly?" he asked. "Have you ever seen her?"

"No," said the experienced gossip, "I never have, neither have I seen her picture, nor anybody who has seen either her or her picture, but I know she is ugly, because I had it straight from a person who lives in Chicago that when she ordered a dozen pictures taken just awhile before the wedding the photographer made her pay in advance, and a photographer never does that unless the subject is so ugly that she is apt to be discouraged when she sees the pictures and refuse to pay for them on the ground that he hasn't done good work. If you don't believe me ask any photographer."

But Jim's champion let the matter drop.

Irregular.

Senator Overman said the other day of a defeated bill:

"It deserved to be defeated. It was as irregular as the Tin Can poker game.

"A man describing the game, said: 'One-eyed Bones, on my right, held four kings and an ace. Two-fingered Schermhorn, on my left, held four aces and a king.'

"'And you—what did you hold?' some one asked excitedly.

"'I, being the coroner, held the inquest,' was the reply."

Easy Way Out.

The day was sultry, the spectators were restless and the judge irritable.

"The next person," he said, "that disturbs the order of this court will be sent home to stay."

"Hurrah! Hurroo!" yelled the prisoner on trial, jumping up and down in the witness box.

Man's Freedom of Will.

Professor—The result of our investigations for the last half hour is that man has freedom of will. I regret that I cannot continue the subject today, as I have to go shopping with my wife.

Needed.

"This world could get along just as well without any poets."

"Could, eh? Who'd write the breakfast food ads?"

Gallant Fire Laddie.

In an Illinois town you can find on the map the fire department has an excellent record for conscientiousness and devotion to duty. One night the church bell rang out clearly an alarm with the code taps that indicated "fire north of square."

In an instant response the fire marshall jumped on his horse and galloped to the rescue. He had not gone far when a second alarm announced a second fire, this time in the south. An anxious citizen speeding toward his southside property called out to the passing marshal:

"Hi! Jim! You're headed the wrong way! There's a big blaze at Greiling's."

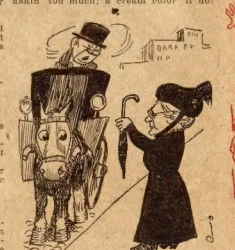
The fireman was no shirk. "Keep it a-goin', Ed!" he shouted. "I'll be over in ten minutes."

Cream Color Would Do.

An old negro preacher did the honors, and the candidate for baptism was a coal black negro woman. The preacher led his victim far out in the stream where she could be thoroughly immersed, and at the auspicious moment he cried in a loud voice:

"Be ahtiby, sistah, be stiddy, an' you'll come up whitah dan snow."

"Oh, parson," she exclaimed, "dat's askin' too much; a cream color 'll do!"



"I hope, driver, you won't run away with me."

"Bless yer, no, mum! I've got a wife and eight kids at home already."

Their Record.

"How is the woman's fire department in your suburb getting along?"

"Pretty well. They've had their engine out several times sprinkling the members' lawns, and they've held several dozen parades. Yes, and they gave a costume exhibit at the Japanese suffragette lawn fete and soaked all the refreshments."

"But haven't they had any serious work—no actual fires?"

"Why, yes, they've been called out twice, but the first time the forelady forgot her switch and had to go home and get it, and the other time they were stopped on Main street by a bargain sale and two barns burned down!"

The Venice of America.

"Where are you from?"

"Plunkville."

"And what sort of a place is Plunkville?"

"Venice of America, sir. We have about four feet of water in the streets every spring."

Conservation Comedy.

"We countrymen have the best of it. When all else fails we can eat the forest preserves."

"I don't know that you have the best of it," retorted the city fellow. "We have our subway jam."

No Plot.

"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theater manager.

"That isn't a plot," replied the man who had paid $2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy."

Sign of It.

"What makes you think he recently married?"

"He just got off a trite remark that women are peculiar."

The Mule.

A Southern farmer was trying to sell a mule to a negro who two years before had been kicked on the head by the animal.

"Of course," said the farmer, "this mule kicks, but——"

"I don't wan' him," objected the colored man, emphatically.

"Just because he kicks?" asked the farmer, with an air of contempt.

"Humph!" grunted the negro. "Dat mule don't kick. He shoots."

On Getting Even.

Tailor—The raincoat suits you splendidly, sir. Makes you look ten years younger.

Customer—Good. Then you can send the bill in 1921.

No Luck.

"I don't care for bridge. I have no luck."

"It is a poor game, if one has to depend entirely upon luck," responded the other half of the sketch.

Men's Wives.

One Man—My wife is eternally gadding about. She's never at home. Is yours?

Another Man—Don't know. I'm never at home enough to find out. What'll you take?

"You seem to have trouble with your eyes, professor!"

"O, I could see all right, only my nose is too long."

Woman's Way.

"My wife reads the marriage notices carefuly every day. Wouldn't miss a day for worlds."

"Why not?"

"Oh, about once every six years somebody gets married that she knows."

Not the Cook's Fault.

Mistress—Really, Marie, whenever I come into the kitchen I see you doing nothing.

Cook—You're right, mum; you never have any luck, do you?

Couldn't Play.

"Aunt Liza, I jes' come in fo see if you wouldn't like to jine de mission band."

"Fo' de lan' sakes honey, what yo' coms to me fo? Don't yo' know I kain't eben play de mouf orgin!"

An Exception.

"Isn't it odd to charge cash for telegraph payments?"

"I don't see what is odd about it."

"Don't telegraph messages in their nature go on tick?"

First Neighbor—I don't think much of that new family across the street.

Second Neighbor—What's the matter with them? Ain't they neighborly?

First Neighbor—No; they haven't come over to borrow a thing, and I need the use of their lawn mower for our front yard. The grass is getting fierce and our mower needs sharpening.

His Idea of It.

"What a strangely interesting face your friend the poet has," gurgled the maiden of 40. "It seems to possess all the elements of happiness and sorrow, each struggling for supremacy."

"Yes, he looks to me like a man who was married and didn't know it," growled the Cynical Bachelor.

Picturesqueness of Speech.

"What do you think of that young man's use of slang?"

"I can't make up my mind," replied Miss Cayenne. "The use of slang has come to be regarded an indicating an association with either our worst or our best society."

The Tourist.

"I wouldn't miss the pyramids for worlds."

"I am glad to see somebody interested in research."

"It isn't that I want to have my photograph taken standing in front of the main dump."

Quaint Survival.

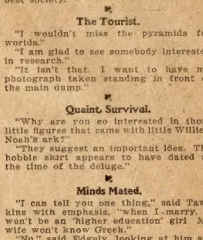
"Why are you so interested in those little figures that came with little Willie's Noah's ark?"

"They suggest an important idea. The hobble skirt appears to have dated at the time of the deluge."

Minds Mated.

"I can tell you one thing," said Tawkins with emphasis, "when I marry, it won't be an 'higher education' girl. My wife won't know Greek."

"No," said Edgely, looking at him attentively, "nor beans."



Claude Insect (on the fly paper)—My, oh, my; how the sun has softened this street pavement.

Not Paid for It.

"Most poets have been unhappy," said the literary youth.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox; "but a whole lot of people are just as unhappy as they are without expecting to be paid for talking about it."

A Sign of It.

"Was the dog mad that bit you?"

"Well, he acted as if he were provoked."

Mrs. Vanistee—She admits she doesn't give her husband more than a third of her love.

Mrs. Ardmore—And the other two-thirds?

Mrs. Vanistee—Are divided between Fidget and the rubber plant.

A Clove-Scented Escort.

He met her one night at a reception and asked her to go to the theater with him. She accepted, and as they liked each other they went again later. Then it got to be a weekly occurrence.

Finally he got to thinking that he was solid enough with her to go out between the acts, and so he did. For several weeks he worked this and met with no rebuff. But she was thinking a lot, even though she wasn't saying anything.

One evening she said: "Why don't you go to the smokingroom to smoke instead of going to the lobby?"

"Is—is there a smokingroom inside?" he asked.

"Of course. You always say that you are going out to smoke, and it seems so useless to have to take your hat and coat every time. And if you thought of it beforehand you could buy those cigarettes that you seem to like—the ones that smell like cloves, you know—before you come."

He is wondering if she is as wise as it seems, or as innocent as it appears.

A Warning Needed.

"I once heard your wife recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight'" said the reminiscent friend.

"Yes," responded Mr. Meekton, with a smile of confident approval. "And I take notice that the curfew has gone out of business."

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A Sign of It.

"Was the dog mad that bit you?"

"Well, he acted as if he were provoked."

MOTHER GOOSE.

There was an old woman
Who wanted a lift;
She had seven children,
So that settled that.

A Peace Programme.

"What we want is peace and harmony and politeness in business," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "And here is only one way to get it."

"What is that?"

"Find some way to convince the fellow who gets the worst of it that he might as well take his medicine and stop kicking."

What O'clock?

A Chicago firm, finding that there were twelve letters in the firm name, erected a clock over the door with letters instead of numerals. One day a passer-by gazed at the dial, deeply puzzled.

"Say, fellow," he said, poking his head in at the door, "is it half past Morgan or a quarter to Walter?"

A Reformed Man.

"My wife married me to reform me."

"Did she succeed?"

"Yes, thoroughly. I wouldn't marry again if I lived to be as old as Methuselah!"—Puck.

The Joker.

"Was there a joker in that bill?" asked one legislator.

"Yes," replied the other, "but it was one of those practical jokers that cause people to lose their tempers."

Did He Explain?

He (tenderly)—Would you like some Welsh rabbit?

She—No, I never cared for game of any kind.

THE MERRY GOOSE MINE;

Or, Dan Newton's Up-Hill Fight

By WILL LISENBEE

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 39, Sept. 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER V

COLONEL SIMPKINS sat on the north porch, fanning himself with a huge palm-leaf fan.

"My dear," he said, addressing his wife, "has Phil returned?"

"Not yet," she replied. "He went with the constable to look for the tramp who made the assault on us this morning."

"I hope they will catch the rascal."

"It would be a pity if they don't. The lives and property of honest people are not safe so long as such characters are at large."

"That is true. It will cost ten dollars to have the buggy repaired."

"Do you suppose that amount could be got out of the tramp if he is caught?"

"It is extremely doubtful. Tramps are not usually provided with money."

"Then we shall have to lose ten dollars."

"I'm afraid so."

"Then what is the use in having laws?"

"We shall have to be content with sending the offender to jail," returned the colonel.

"Is that what we pay taxes for?"

Colonel Simpkins shrugged his shoulders. He knew the average woman's point of view regarding matters pertaining to law, and he despaired of being able to change it.

At this juncture their conversation was cut short by the arrival of Phil. His flushed face wore an expression of disappointment and disgust.

"I suppose the tramp has made good his escape," remarked the colonel, observing the look on Phil's countenance.

"No, we caught him all right," replied Phil.

"That is good news. When is he to be brought to trial?"

"He has already had a hearing before Justice Whitewell."

"Did he have any money?" broke in Mrs. Simpkins.

"Why, they never searched him at all," declared Phil in a tone of disgust.

"Never searched him?" cried Mrs. Simpkins, aghast. "Do you hear that, Mr. Simpkins? He might have had his pockets full of knives and pistols! What kind of officers have we, anyhow?"

Colonel Simpkins cleared his throat with evident displeasure.

"I shall have to look into this matter," he said. "I suppose they have sent the young outlaw to jail."

"To jail!" repeated Phil. "Not unless you call the White Oak Inn a jail."

"Are they guarding him there?"

"Guarding him? Why, they turned him loose!" exclaimed Phil, his face working with emotion. "They treated him as if he were a gentleman, and if you had seen the way the justice and the prosecuting attorney acted you would have thought that I was the one who should have gone to jail."

"Well, did you ever hear the like of that?" breathed Mrs. Simpkins, greatly agitated. "Think of it! A vicious tramp treated as a gentleman and turned loose on the community!"

"That is just what has been done," declared Phil. "It is an outrage!"

"Your father must look into the matter," said Mrs. Simpkins.

Colonel Simpkins leaned back in his chair and looked at Phil critically.

"I am greatly surprised at what you tell me," he remarked, with cool deliberation. "On the surface it looks as though justice had been outraged, but I shall come to no conclusion till I have all the particulars."

"And you can talk like that!" snapped Mrs. Simpkins, fanning herself vigorously. "Why, it is an affront to us all!"

"I can hardly look at it in that light, my dear," remarked Colonel Simpkins, calmly. "There must have been some specific reason for the action of the court. Ezra Whitwell could have no cause for showing us disrespect, nor for releasing a prisoner whom he thought guilty."

"Then I suppose you are ready to place the blame on Phil?" exclaimed Mrs. Simpkins.

"Not at all, though you know that Phil is often prone to exaggeration. He may have had a misconception of the matter. Who was the tramp?" he asked, turning his gaze to Phil.

"Why, I don't think any one knows," Phil replied. "But he claims to be a relative of Mr. Gurlock."

"Ah! Indeed? Then you were probably mistaken in thinking he was a tramp?"

"He looked like one," said Phil. "But he changed his clothes at the inn, and he looked quite like a dandy."

"I begin to see the matter in a new light," nodded the colonel. "Mr. Gurlock is one of our most wealthy and influential citizens, and it is hardly likely that a relative of his would be a tramp. Was Mr. Gurlock present at the trial?"

"No, sir. The justice asked the prisoner if he wanted to see his relative before going to trial, and he said he did not want to trouble him."

"Did he have a lawyer?"

"No; he pleaded his own case."

"And was discharged?"

"Yes."

"He must be a bright youth."

"You can think as you please. I believe he is a fraud. I don't think Mr. Gurlock is his relative at all."

"What is the boy's name?"

"Newton—Dan Newton. That is the name he gave."

"Newton? Why, I know the name well. I have heard Mr. Gurlock speak of a relative of his by the name of Basil Newton. The boy must be his son. Basil Newton was, as I understood, a man of considerable means. The boy is evidently what he claims to be."

"But that does not give him a right to attack me," broke in Phil.

"Are you sure he had no cause?"

"He said I was no gentleman and I struck him with my whip."

"I see," nodded Colonel Simpkins, making a gesture of impatience. "It was merely a boys' quarrel, which resulted in blows. You were probably the aggressor."

"You can take his part if you wish."

"You know you have a quick temper, Phil. I am sorry that you should have had trouble with young Newton. He has a rich father, I am quite sure, and being a relative of one of the wealthiest families in town, it might be to your advantage to have been on good terms with him. I think it would be wise to let the matter drop."

"But his father is dead," replied Phil. "He said so at the trial."

"Then he has probably inherited his father's fortune."

"If I had a fortune I should not travel about the country dressed in rags."

"All people are not so fond of dress as you are, Phil."

"All boys are not able to dress as I do. Not many boys have had the

Framed by a mass of silvery white hair.

"I am glad you are rich. I should hate to be poor and have to work for my living."

"It is no disgrace to work."

"It is dirty, though—digging ditches and the like, and wearing old clothes that smell of sweat and grease."

"I am not pleased to hear you use such expressions. I have worked hard most of my life."

"But you have not worked in dirt, I mean to work, too, but as a gentleman works—with my brain, when I become a great lawyer."

"Then you must apply yourself to your studies."

"I mean to. I have read Blackstone and Kent and a good many others. If I could only get Judge Turkington to take me as a pupil, as he did Sam Larkin a few years ago, I should feel that I was on the road to success."

"That would be grand," cried Mrs. Simpkins. "If Judge Turkington could only be induced to take you!"

"I hardly think the judge would do it."

remarked Colonel Simpkins. "He is a great lawyer and was an eminent judge. He has now retired from active work and would not want to be bothered with another pupil."

"But he took Sam Larkin."

"Yes, but that was purely out of his goodness of heart. Sam was a very bright, industrious and studious boy who was trying to fit himself for his chosen profession while working to support his widowed mother. The judge sympathized with him in his efforts and devotion to his mother and did what he could to assist him."

"Then he did it out of charity," said Phil.

"It would hardly be fair to call it that."

"It was all the same. Well, I am glad I am not an object of charity."

Phil rose and yawned wearily. He was about to enter the house when he stopped and turned to his father.

"I should like to have twenty dollars," he said.

"Twenty dollars?" echoed the father. "What do you want with so much money?"

"I have to pay ten dollars for the repairing of the buggy, and I need a small sum in addition."

"Why, I gave you ten dollars only last Monday."

"So you did, but it is all gone."

"I fear you are becoming extravagant.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons as do all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like the force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 60 cts. to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 60 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

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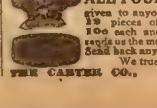

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I have but a small sum about me. I made a loan yesterday, and in consequence I am now a little short."

"But you have plenty of money due you which has not been paid. Why not collect some of it?"

"I will see about it."

"But I must have the money right away," insisted Phil. "You have a mortgage on Mrs. Hampton's cottage, haven't you?"

"Yes, but the mortgage is not due."

"The interest is?"

"I guess you are right."

"How much is it?"

"Twenty dollars."

"If you will let me have it I will go and make the collection," said Phil.

"Very well. But I warn you that I shall not indulge you in any extravagance, and this is all you will get for a month."

Phil entered the house, a look of triumph on his face. The cause of this is easily explained. He had just seen Dan Newton going in the direction of Mrs. Hampton's cottage, and the thought that he might be able to embarrass him by presenting the bill while he was there, gave him a feeling of deep satisfaction. He had reasons to believe that Mrs. Hampton would be unable to pay the interest, and this would give him a chance to humiliate his enemy—for as such he regarded Dan.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Hampton was sitting by the open window, busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a gown she was making for the wife of a neighbor when Dan Newton presented himself at the door of the cottage.

She looked in surprise at the neatly-dressed youth who stood before her as she opened the screen in response to his knock.

"Is this where Mrs. Hampton lives?" he inquired, standing hat in hand.

"Yes, sir; I am Mrs. Hampton," was the reply. "Won't you walk in?"

"Then you are my Aunt Margaret," he said, holding out his hand. "I am Dan Newton."

She took his hands in hers and stood looking into his face, a glad light shining in her eyes.

"Can it be possible that this is little Daniel whom I last saw in the cradle?" she cried. "You are almost a young man."

"I suppose I have grown some," smiled Dan.

She put her arms around him and kissed him.

"You have the face of your mother," she said, the tears shining in her eyes. "Come in. I am so glad."

She placed an easy chair for him by the open window and sat down in front of him.

"You are all alone in the world now," she said. "It seems so sad to think about it. You are so young to have to go out and face the world. I am so glad you came. Maybe I can help you. I will do what I can."

Dan was deeply moved by her kind and sympathetic words. He could not help contrasting her greeting with that he had received at the home of Benjamin Gurlock.

"I am quite sure you will," he said with feeling. "Your good words alone have more than paid me for the long journey here."

"How much like your mother you looked when you said that, Dan," she said. "I know you are a good boy."

"I hope you shall never think otherwise of me, Aunt Margaret," Dan replied. "I have no fears about that. Have you come to Springhaven to stay?"

"For a little while. I shall be guided by what Judge Turkington advises. It was my father's wish."

"Judge Turkington is a wise and noble man."

"So my father always considered him."

"You have not been to see him yet?"

"No, I wanted to see my relatives here first."

"Have you been to see Mr. Gurlock?"

"I just came from there," replied Dan, with a smile. "They gave me a cool reception."

"Is it possible?"

"They had heard of my father's loss of fortune before his death, and they seemed to fear that I had come to ask them to give me a home."

"For pity's sake! How could they have the heart to act so?"

"I guess it didn't hurt their hearts much," replied Dan. "They had heard of my arrest and made that an excuse for their conduct."

"Your arrest! Why, what do you mean?"

"Then you have not heard?"

"Not a word."

Dan explained, giving all the details of his encounter with Phil Simpkins, his arrest, his trial and acquittal.

"Poor boy!" said his aunt. "To think you had to go through with such an experience on your first visit here. Why didn't you send me word?"

"I didn't want to trouble you. I couldn't see how I could be to blame for what I had done, and I thought I'd rather have it over with before calling on my relatives."

"You have got plenty of spirit, Dan," said his aunt with admiration. "I know you will make your way in the world."

"I shall try to."

"It was just like Phil Simpkins to act as he did. He is arrogant and overbearing, as every one knows. His father is rich and he thinks it gives him the right to act the bully. He must feel humiliated over his experience today."

"He does. I suppose the affair has made him my enemy, but I shall not lose any sleep over it."

The conversation turned on other matters, and Mrs. Hampton had many questions to ask relating to family affairs, which it is not necessary to record here.

While they were talking, Ray and Bessie came in and were introduced to their cousin. Ray was a bright, healthy youth of 12, with a suntanned face that told of much time spent out of doors. Bessie was a shy little miss of 5, with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

She came up timidly and gave her hand to Dan and allowed him to kiss her. Ray was delighted at the idea of having a big boy like Dan for his cousin.

"You will whip the big boys who try to pick on me, won't you?" he asked.

"I will do my best," laughed Dan. "Do the big boys bother you?"

"Sometimes. Do you know Phil Simpkins?"

"I have met him," smiled Dan.

"He's a awful mean."

"Is he?"

"Yes, he is. He is always picking at the other boys and has lots of fights. He cut my kite string one day because I wouldn't let him hold it. I want you to lick him some time."

"But maybe I can't. Then what?"

"I'll bet you can. You look stout. Gee! there he comes now!" cried Ray, glancing through the open window. "Wonder what he wants here"

An uneasy look came into Mrs. Hampton's face.

"I expect his father has sent him for the interest on the mortgage," she thought.

CHAPTER VII

Phil Simpkins crossed the lawn with a jaunty air, twirling a light cane and whistling a popular air.

"I desire to see Mrs. Hampton," he said, as Bessie opened the screen in response to his knock. He noticed with some degree of satisfaction that Dan Newton was present

Mrs. Hampton approached the door.

"Won't you come in?" she said.

"Thanks, it isn't worth while," replied Phil, loftily. "My call is merely a business one, which need occupy but a moment. It is in regard to the interest due on the mortgage. I suppose you have the amount ready. It is twenty dollars. I have the receipt already made out."

"I am sorry, but I can't pay it today," said Mrs. Hampton. "I meant to have seen your father and asked for a little more time."

"The matter is now in my hands," replied Phil, with an air of importance. "We have been making some heavy loans of late, and we find it necessary to insist on prompt payment of sums due."

"But it would be impossible for me to make the payment just now," answered Mrs. Hampton, in a tone of distress.

"That is unfortunate. We are always reluctant to take any legal steps toward forcing collections, but if we should listen to the appeals of all who ask leniency we should be quite as poor as the ones who ask it. Probably you could have the sum ready by tomorrow"?

"I am sure I could not."

"Shall I call again tomorrow?"

"That will not be necessary."

It was Dan Newton who spoke.

He arose and drew out his pocketbook, from which he extracted a twenty-dollar bill. Placing the bill in the hand of Mrs. Hampton, he said: "I shall be glad to have you accept this as a loan, Aunt Margaret."

She gazed at the bill in astonishment, and was about to utter some words of protest when Dan made a quick signal which she understood.

"Oh, thank you ever so much," she said. "It is kind of you. You can give me the receipt," she added, passing the bill to Phil, who was much amazed that Dan should have had such a sum. A quick glance had told him that quite a number of bills still remained in the pocketbook from which the twenty was taken.

Receiving the money, he placed it carefully in his pocketbook, giving the receipt in return and glancing at Dan.

"I suppose you will soon be opening a bank in Springhaven?" he said with a sneer.

"I haven't decided just yet," replied Dan. "If I should, I suppose you would give me your deposits?"

"Yes, I have a few coppers I might let you have to encourage you. Let me know when you are ready for business. Good evening," and with a sneering smile, he turned away.

"How disagreeable he makes himself," said Mrs. Hampton as her eyes followed him toward the gate

"I think it was on my account," said Dan. "I was glad, indeed, that I was able to help you get rid of him."

"So am I," replied his aunt. But, really, Dan, isn't it imposing on you to take the money? Are you sure you will not need it?"

"To be sure, but it would have made no difference. I have only myself to shift for. I have about sixty dollars left, and that is more than I shall need for the present. I expect to go to work very soon."

"Will you try to get work here?"

"I shall see what I can do, but there is little work to be had in so small a place."

"And you will make your home with me while you stay?"

"Gladly, if you can keep me. I may not stay longer than a week or so."

"We have plenty of room, and we shall like to have you with us."

"Then I will bring my valise down this evening. Of course, I shall insist on paying my board."

"Why, Dan, surely you would not expect me to let you pay?" cried Mrs. Hampton.

"Why not? I should have to pay if I stayed elsewhere, and I am sure I should rather you had the money."

"But I already owe you twenty dollars."

Dan laughed.

"We will not say anything about that," he said. "You have to work for what you get, and I shall insist on paying for what I get. That is fair all round."

About five o'clock Dan returned to the inn to get his valise.

"Have you decided to stop with us for awhile?" asked Dick Mason.

"I shall stay with my aunt while I am in town," replied Dan.

"I should have thought you would have stopped with Mr. Gurlock," said Dick. "He has the swellest home in town."

"My aunt's home is quite fine enough for me."

"I was quite sure you would think so after you had visited Mr. Gurlock."

"Why?"

"Oh, he's a tight wad all right."

"Is he?" asked Dan, innocently.

"He's the limit. But as you didn't seem to find it out I'll say no more."

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References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. | Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

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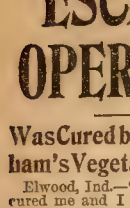

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YOUR HEART

Does It Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets** which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you.

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Dan did not consider it proper to make any remarks on the shortcomings of his relative, and so remained silent.

"You haven't found a job yet, have you?" asked Dick.

"I haven't had time to look for one," replied Dan.

"Well, I wish you good luck."

"Thank you."

As Dan left the inn he saw Phil Simpkins walking along the street in company with a very pretty girl of perhaps fifteen. They were some distance away as Dan crossed the street, but not so far that he could not hear the words spoken by Phil.

"There goes the tramp I was telling you about," Phil was saying.

The girl cast a quick glance in the direction of Dan and murmured something that was inaudible, to which Phil made reply: "You don't think he does? Oh, he's one of the kind that has a change of clothes."

And then they passed out of hearing.

Dan felt a sudden flame of anger burn through him, but he gave no sign that he had overheard the remarks, and walked briskly on his way.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next day Dan went to call on Judge Turkington. The residence of the judge stood just outside the limits of the town. It was a large, handsome structure, with wide, sweeping verandas and half covered with creeping vines.

It stood in the midst of spacious grounds, shaded by noble elms that had withstood the storms of a century. The building must have been as old as the trees that shaded it. The great oaken door was dark with age, and the huge brass knocker gave additional evidence of its antiquity.

In response to Dan's knock the door was opened by a middle-aged darky.

"I called to see Judge Turkington," said Dan.

"I's powerful sorry, sah, but de judge he ain't at home," replied the darky. "He's gone to St. Louis."

"When will he return?" Dan asked.

"In about a week, sah. Is you Master Dan Newton?"

"That is my name," replied Dan, in surprise.

"Then you're to come right in. The missus'll want to see you."

He flung the wide doors open and ushered the visitor in. Dan was conducted through a wide hallway and into a large room, sumptuously furnished, with the low French windows open to admit the cooling breeze.

A woman, past the meridian of life, sat in an easy chair by one of the low windows. A pleasant face, that showed few wrinkles, was framed by a mass of silvery white hair.

"This is Master Dan Newton, de boy dat de master has bin expectin'," announced the darky.

She turned to Dan with a pleasant smile.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," she said, as he came up to take the slender hand which she held out to greet him. "Take a seat here by the window, near me, where we can have a little talk. I am Mrs. Turkington, and as the judge is absent from home, I am to keep an eye on you so as to keep you out of mischief till he returns."

She smile pleasantly as she said this, and there was something about her manner and words that placed Dan at his ease.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," Dan replied. "I shall try not to give you any trouble."

"I believe that," she responded. "You look like a good boy. I am sorry the judge is away. He has been expecting you."

"It was my father's wish that I should come and see him," said Dan

"Yes, I know. Your father and my husband were such friends as one does not often find. When did you arrive in Springhaven?"

"Yesterday."

"Where have you been staying?"

"At my aunt's—Mrs. Hampton's."

"Yes, to be sure. I remember now that you have an aunt here, though I have never met her. We have been abroad a great deal of the time in the last few years, and we only come to our home here for a brief season now and then. The judge's health has been poor for some years. On that account we have traveled a great deal. Do you expect to remain in Springhaven for a time?"

"Only a short time, I think. I must get work, and it doesn't seem likely that I shall find any here."

"That is true. What can you do, or what do you expect to do?"

"Whatever I can find. I shall not be particular as to the nicety of the job so long as I can earn something."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said Mrs. Turkington, approvingly. "Idleness is the greatest pitfall for the youth. I can see that you have the spirit of your father. I knew your father when he was but a little lad, forty years ago. He was one of my pupils when I taught the district school near where we both were born. How ready and willing he always was to run on an errand or to perform any service he was asked to do. It seems only a little while ago, and yet it has been two score years. I have seen very little of him during the last twenty years, though he and the judge have, at various times, been associated in business affairs. I was deeply grieved to hear of your father's death, and it seems so sad that you should be left alone in the world. I want you to feel that I sympathize with you, and if you ever need my help, I want you to come to me and let me know. My husband and I are interested in your welfare, and I want you to remain in Springhaven till the judge returns. Meantime, you can consider our house your home

Dan expressed his gratitude as best he could, but he thought it best to remain with his aunt during his stay at the village. However, he accepted the invitation to stay for tea.

While they were conversing Mrs. Turkington leaned toward the window and called to some one on the lawn, and a moment later a girl of fifteen—the one Dan had seen in company with Phil Simpkins earlier in the day—came tripping into the room. She was talking volubly as she came, but stopped as her eyes fell on the visitor.

"This is Milly Dent, my grandniece," said Mrs. Turkington, turning to Dan. "Milly, this is Mr. Dan Newton, of whom you have heard me speak. I shall be glad if you two shall be friends."

"It will not be my fault if we are not," said Dan, as he took the extended hand of the girl

"Oh, we shall be the best of friends," assured Milly, "if Mr. Newton will promise not to call me Miss Dent."

"I promise," interposed Dan, "on condition that you will refrain from calling me Mr. Newton. That seems fair. 'Dan' is what every one calls me."

"That's a bargain."

"Shall I call you Mildred?"

"Just Milly. When I am older you may call me Mildred, and when I am quite old—an old maid, you may call me Miss Dent."

"Then I am sure I shall never have the privilege of calling you Miss Dent," smiled Dan.

She looked at him with counterfeited displeasure.

"I don't think it is very good of you to make sport of me," she said.

"Indeed, I could never think of doing such a thing," protested Dan.

"Then I forgive you."

"Thank you, Milly. I shall be more careful of what I say in the future."

"I don't want you to do that," she declared. "There isn't a bit of fun in people who always study what to say. Just say what you think and we shall get along all the better."

"If I do that I am sure I shall never say anything to offend you."

"I do believe you are a flatterer. But never mind that. You'll get over it after you know me better. Do you play tennis?"

"A little."

"Then suppose we have a game—that is, if Aunt Martha will let me have you."

"I promise not to quarrel with him," smiled Mrs. Turkington.

"Oh, I'll promise."

They went out onto the lawn. The tennis court was a fine one, and Dan enjoyed the game very much. He was not a skilful player, however, and Milly defeated him easily.

"I don't believe you tried to defeat me," Milly pouted.

"Indeed, I did my best," answered Dan, truthfully.

"Sure?"

"Yes. I have enjoyed the game just as well as if I had been victorious. I was afraid you might object to playing with me."

"Why?"

"I saw you walking with Phil Simpkins yesterday, didn't I?"

"Oh, I remember," she said, coloring. "And you overheard what he said?"

"I couldn't help it."

"You don't think I believed what he said?"

"I hope not."

"Of course I didn't. I didn't know who you were, but I was sure Phil was mistaken."

"Thank you. You heard of the trouble I had with him?"

"I heard his version of it."

"Shall I give you mine."

"By all means, though I am already convinced that Phil was in the wrong."

Dan gave a full account of the affair, telling of his arrest and discharge.

"It was just like Phil Simpkins," commented Milly. "He is proud and overbearing."

"I suppose I have made him my enemy."

"I shouldn't care if I were you."

"I haven't lost any sleep over it."

They played another game and then went into tea. Dan was more successful this time and won the game, though he suspected that Milly had not done her best

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this rattling good boys' story. They have great times. Read it to the end and see. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly. If you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Once in a great while you meet a woman who understands men, but she is too busy manipulating the strings to say anything about it.

Stomach Sufferers Squander Millions

In Search of Relief.

The world is full of disordered stomachs and 90 per cent of the money spent upon physicians and drugs goes in an attempt to cure the stomach.

People are made to believe that in order to gain health they must doctor their stomachs and use cathartics. So the doctor gets his fee for the stomach treatment and the druggist for the physic, until the savings of a lifetime are exhausted and yet no cure

Let's be reasonable.

The sick stomach is in every case the result of over-eating, hurried mastication and improper choice of foods. The mucous lining all the way down the food tract loses its sensitiveness, and when food is forced down the muscles fail to respond. They do not churn the food as they should. The glands no longer give out gastric juice to dissolve the food and render it capable of assimilation. The man has become a dyspeptic.

There is one sure way and only one to bring positive relief. Put into that stomach of yours the very elements that it lacks to get that food into liquid form. It takes pepsin, diastase, golden seal and other ferments to accomplish this. The healthy stomach contains these elements. The dyspeptic stomach lacks part or all of them Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet is made up of just what the dyspeptic stomach lacks—Nature's digestives

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not a medicine, not a drug, not a cathartic. They do not cure anybody of anything but Dyspepsia and Indigestion and such ailments as arise from poorly digested food.

While they digest the food the stomach recuperates. The mucous membrane is coming out of its stupor, the gastric juice is coming to the surface, the muscles are regaining their power. Every organ of the body takes on new life, the skin gains color, and the eyes are no longer tinged with yellow. You live.

Why doctor and why drug yourself. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will take care of your food while Nature cures you.

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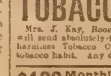

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$100 Monthly and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S Schafer, Treas. W U., Chicago

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HER TYRANT.

Some folks wondered at the marriage between Stephen Roberts and Clara Colby, and others admitted that it might be a good thing. Some folks wondered because Stephen was an old bachelor and set in his ways, while the young lady was known to be rather flighty and flirty. Some admitted that they thought an old bachelor was just the husband to make a frivolous wife settle down.

There was one thing Miss Clara bragged of as a girl, and that was that nobody could manage her. Whatever she wanted to do she would do. Her marriage wasn't going to make a bit of difference about that.

She said so to Stephen. His answer is not recorded, but whatever it was he probably did some thinking, and perhaps he made up his mind to pursue a certain policy.

It was weeks after the wedding before there was a clash. The husband made a suggestion now and then, instead of commanding or nagging. While they were only suggestions, the young wife found herself following them without opposition, and this pleasant state of affairs might have continued but for an even more frivolous wife who dropped in one afternoon to say:

"Clara Roberts, do you know that all the folks are talking about the way you've been humbled since your marriage?"

"What—I humbled!" was the exclamation.

"Yes. Everybody notices it. You used to have a mind of your own, but now you are as humble as a cat. We all say it's a shame for your husband to lay the law down to you as he does."

"But he doesn't. He has never tried to boss me one single time."

"You used to be out every afternoon."

"He just thought it was a little too much."

"You haven't been to the club in four weeks."

"Stephen said he'd rather stay home."

"You didn't ride out at all last week."

"But we haven't a carriage of our own, you know, and the hired ones are very expensive."

"Just so. Everybody said Stephen Roberts would put an end to your extravagances. Oh, he's bossing you all right!"

When the visitor had departed Mrs. Roberts sat down and reviewed the situation. Was her husband bossing her? Was he humbling her to the dust? Was he insidiously curtailing her privileges? No! Yes!

Come to think of it he was actually playing the domestic tyrant and wearing a mask while doing it. Other folks had noticed it right along, but she had been foolish and blind. She had given up this and given up that and now people were calling her a humble cat!

And did that domestic tyrant of a Stephen Roberts think any more of her for her sacrifices, as she named them? Not a bit. He would simply go on demanding more. He had asked her to give up hired carriages, but had he given up cigars? He had asked her to eliminate her club, but wasn't he riding the goat at his lodge one night a week?

Mrs. Clara Roberts had three hours to think things over before her husband came home to dinner. That was plenty of time to arouse her obstinacy, and when he entered the house she was ready for him.

The love-light had gone out of her eyes. There was a red spot on either cheek. She waited five minutes for him to ask what the matter was, and as he didn't do it she boldly declared:

"Stephen, I want to ride out every afternoon next week!"

"You know what my salary is at the bank," he replied.

"And I shall go to the club!"

"I hope not."

"And I want a new suit at once!"

"Yes?"

"I didn't marry you to be ground down!"

"No?"

"Mother said I could come home to her any time!"

"Yes?"

"And if things don't change at once I'll go! I want it decided right here and now!"

"So do I!"

Mrs. Roberts left the table and went over to the east window. She changed to the west one. Then she sat down. Then she stood up again.

Mr. Roberts refused to be drawn into an argument to spoil his appetite. He refused to say what he would do, and it was for her to give in or carry out her threats. Give in? Never!

She walked upstairs and began to array herself. The distance to her mother's manor house was a mile and a half, and darkness was at hand. She would go, however. She would go if the distance were ten miles. There was a husband to be brought to time. There was a principle at stake. People were referring to her as a worm of the dust. They should see!

All family jars do not bring thunderstorms. This one did, however. The wife who started for mother's with haughty step and hard-set face, leaving a husband behind her at his coffee, had not trailed through the dust more than half a mile when wind, rain, thunder and lightning were upon her.

She was thoroughly soaked before she could gain the shelter of an old tumble-down barn. She tried to remain angry, but she was too wet. She was also frightened. Every time it thundered the old ruin wriggled and shook. Every time it lightninged, the red-hot thunderbolt made a straight trail for the sagging roof over her head.

Why had not Stephen stopped her from leaving the house? That was the question the young wife asked herself over and over as she stood there in her sopping shoes. Why hadn't he kissed her and tried to make up? She had said she was going home to mother, but he hadn't filed one single objection.

Oh, what a heartless brute! That is, she would give a year of her life if he was there with her now! Thunder, lightning, rain, darkness, and an old tramp getting his courage up to attack her!

And even if she lived to reach her mother's house what sort of a story could she tell? When she first started out she felt she would be received with open arms, and that the mother would say:

"So you have left that villain for good and all! Good! Come to my arms, child. You have a mother to take your part. I will see that Stephen's neck is broken within a week!"

Now, in that old ruin, with her shoes a-sop and the rain pelting down harder and harder, she just cried like a baby and called out:

"Mother, I forbid you to break his neck!" Stephen is the best husband in all the world!"

Then a hand clasped one of hers, and an arm stole around her waist. She had not heard any one approach, but she was not startled. She was gently drawn out of the ruin—into the road—along it to her home.

Not a word was spoken on the way home—not a word for an hour later. Then the husband quietly observed:

"I'll order the carriage for next week, Clara."

"But I don't want you to," she replied. "I'm coming down to the bank every evening to walk home with you!"

The Work of Mosses.

Agencies apparently so trivial as to be almost beneath notice have changed and are now changing, the face of the earth. For instance, so comparatively insignificant a form of vegetation as moss may not only affect the aspect of a landscape, but may powerfully assist in giving a new character to a continent.

One of the surprising results of scientific investigation in Greenland is the indication of the wonderful work mosses are performing there. Where glaciers have ceased to advance, or have become "dead," various species of mosses have found a foothold on them and gradually overspread them with a mantle of green. The amount of vegetable matter slowly deposited by these Greenland mosses is so considerable that it has been suggested that this deposit will be of great importance in the future history of that strange land.

It is known that in a past geological age Greenland was not the dreary, ice-sheeted continent that it is today, but a beautiful land, almost tropical in appearance in some respects. And if in the future geological or astronomical causes should bring about a return to the former conditions, when Greenland was really "green," the rich stores of vegetable matter now accumulating there through the growth of mosses amid the ice will give wealth to the soil of the regenerated continent.

First Haunt—The auto may have put the horse out of business, but they'll never find a substitute for us as hair raisers.

Second Ditto—Don't know about that. Did you ever see a goggle-eyed motorcycle fiend?

Ancient Church.

Recent excavations at the summit of the Mount of Olives have resulted in the discovery of the remains of a Christian church dating from about A. D. 330. The site is thought to be the spot fixed by the oldest traditions as the place where Christ taught his disciples how to pray. The floor of the nave is not yet uncovered, but that of the transepts is fully exposed. The floor is of mosaic and is perfectly preserved. In the chancel there are two separate floors of different designs, one thirty inches higher than the other. The lower level is thought to be a floor of St. Helena's Church, while the upper is believed to be a restoration by the Crusaders. A baptismal pool was found in the south transept bearing a quite legible inscription of the name "Theodorus" in Greek letters.

Good Rules for Girls.

Of more than passing interest to the women of this country are the following rules of conduct issued to "the girls of Great Britain" by the Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain and Ireland:

The future of our country is in your hands.

Look your best by all means, but be your best also; the first attracts to begin with, but the second produces the most lasting effect.

You must obey the laws of hygiene, respecting fresh air, exercise, good food cleanliness, and suitable clothing. A healthy girlhood is the best foundation for a happy life.

You must know about cooking, housekeeping and domestic economy.

You must learn about the feeding and care of children; this knowledge does not come by instinct, as many suppose.

Remember that homemaking is the most dignified and important profession in the world.

Attend, if you can, "continuation classes" in personal and domestic hygiene in your own house, remembering that a good daughter makes the best wife.

Choose the best companions and read the best books you can find. Accept only the best men as your husbands, paying as much attention to their character as to their personal appearances.

A Greenland Duel.

It is rather a pity for the gayety of nations that French men of letters cannot fight their duels as duels are fought in Greenland. In Greenland when one man has been insulted by another the adversaries each compose a satire in verse. This each man recites to his household until the servants and the women know it by heart. Then a place of meeting is appointed. The women, the insulter and insulted, the offender and offended, stand face to face, and each recites his poem. Each man tries hard to raise the laugh against his adversary. Each man speaks in turn, whipping the enemy with epigram and quip, and after two hours of this wordy battle the meeting gives the victory to him of the two adversaries who has amused the whole assembly most.

Transformed.

It is interesting to know what becomes of the various articles used in daily life after they have served their original purpose. Science frequently transforms them to serve new ends, and the methods employed are often of scientific interest. A note in a scientific periodical calls attention to the transformation of old parchment. After chemical treatment to remove the ink and careful cleaning the old parchment may reappear as "fine French kid gloves." The scraps furnish "size" and stuffing for tennis balls.

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You see, WE MUST MAKE GOOD—we must send you a quality that will win your instant favor—and we will do it.

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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

THE BEST MAN.

Peggy Gale, still in the blue traveling cloak and close hat she had worn when the steamer docked two hours before, threw herself, flushed and excited, into Julia Carson's arms a few hours before the latter's wedding.

"O, Julia," she panted, as she opened the suitcase which a messenger and brought with her, "isn't my dress lovely? And just what you told me to get! Now hurry up and tell me all about everything."

"Well," said Julia, "when you import your maid of honor from Paris, and your best man from China, things do get rather exciting. You know Jimmy's best man didn't get here till the day before yesterday—he's the dearest boy. He and Jimmy were college chums. Didn't you meet him at Jimmy's junior prom? And he's been in China for over a year taking charge of some engineering scheme."

"Jimmy says he went there because he was terribly in love with a girl he met out West, who was horrid to him; but he never told Jimmy anything about it or who she was or anything. I thought you met him at Jimmy's prom, but he didn't remember you when we told him you were to be maid of honor. Can't you remember? Dark eyes—and tall—and—"

Peggy turned quickly to look at Julia's gown, spread stiffly on the bed. "How do I know, if you don't tell me his name?" she asked laughing nervously.

"Why, of course! It's Peter—Gregory and he is coming at five to meet you. Do you remember him?"

"Don't seem to," said Peggy briefly, and then she and Julia fell to talking over the wedding plans.

Peter Gregory came at five, and in the Carsons' drawingroom, bare of furniture, and sweet with the scent of spring flowers, he and Peggy saw each other for the first time since their two-day engagement in Montana.

"I've only a minute, Peggy," said Mrs. Carson. "The caterers, you know—this is the best man, Mr. Gregory. And this is Miss Gale. Yes, Annie, I'm coming, you two just stay here a few minutes. Yes, Annie, I'm coming." And Mrs. Carson hustled away.

"How dare you," said Peggy, her eyes snapping, her breath coming fast, her cheeks flushed.

It was the same Peggy, thought Peter, who on that fall day over a years ago had suddenly and unaccountably told him she did not care after all.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gale; it's hardly my fault."

It was the very same Peter, thought Peggy, who had on that memorable fall day quietly, calmly, unemotionally accepted her foolish words said just to find out how much Peter cared for her.

"But why did you let it happen?"

"I didn't; Jimmy and I are old friends. I'd have come from twice as far as China to be his best man. I didn't know about you, and when they told me yesterday that Miss Gale was to be maid of honor it was too late to do anything. I thought of getting run over or disappearing or something like that, but I didn't think we ought to let our troubles make them unhappy. Didn't—of course you didn't know I was to be here?"

"Know. I should think not. I was in Paris when Julia became engaged, so how could I know? And you told them you didn't know me!"

"You are as unreasonable and hard to understand as ever, Peggy," said Peter.

"I'm not unreasonable, Peter Gregory," said Peggy, her hot color and snapping eyes contradicting her words. "But you're awfully stiff and provoking—and we never would have got along. And now it's so—so thoughtless of you to turn up just when I was beginning—"

Peggy checked herself, but she had gone too far. After all, thought Peter, she did cared. It was some strange, unaccountable whim which had made her tell him she didn't care after those two glorious days in which he had known she belonged to him. He suddenly felt that he had been stupid, unseeing, to let her go without a word of remonstrance.

"Peggy," he began, going toward her; but he stopped. He knew that in another moment Peggy would have been in his arms, and the long months would have been forgotten. But, reasoned logical Peter, he must not force Peggy to do anything against her will. That was not the way to treat a high-spirited girl like Peggy. So he said composedly enough:

"Miss Gale, you know that I have not changed. I want you to give me another chance. You must think things over, of course, before you say anything. But one word from you—any time, anywhere—and I will come to you." Peter turned away and silently left the room.

Peter was wrong. Peggy never would send for him. As she stood with clenched hands in the dusky room, she bit her lips and vowed to herself that she would go through years of unhappiness—yes, years as unhappy as the last year had been—before she would marry a man who did not care enough to see that the only thing she wanted was a little more impulsiveness, a little less acceptance of everything she said and did as final and conclusive.

Peggy stood there with stinging eyes and clenched hands, vowing angrily that she would never send for Peter; and Peter walked heavily to his room, saying sadly to himself that he must never let Peggy know how much she meant to him, until she cared enough for him to call him back.

* * * *

The wedding was a success. Nobody got out of step; the bridesmaids, every one said, looked very attractive, and the bride was the picture of beautiful dignity.

But when Julia was getting into her going away gown she lost her composure. "O, Peggy," she wailed. "I just dread going through all that crowd downstairs."

"I wouldn't mind it a bit," declared Peggy. "Just tie your hat on, and put a big coat over your suit, and then run."

"I think it's dreadful," insisted Julia. "Peggy, I'll never ask you to do another thing, if you don't want to, but please, please, put on my coat—we're the same size—and a veil, and get one of the men to pretend he's Jimmy, and then while you're going out of the front way, and they're all excited about you, we'll go out the back way. Please, Peggy, please!"

"All right, Julia," Peggy agreed, glad for some outlet for her feelings. "I'll go down and get one of the ushers to elope with me. Then you and Jimmy can go out the back door and escape the crowd."

Peggy went downstairs again, and drawing one of the ushers, Eddie Brown, into a secluded alcove, she whispered her plan to him. Eddie's frank, boyish face lighted with a bright smile.

"You bet I'll elope with you, Peggy, for as long as you want me to."

They both left the room as inconspicuously as possible, happily unconscious of the fact that Eddy was about five feet six and would look like a lamb in lion skin in six foot Jimmy's overcoat. Eddy remembered this fact as he came across Peter Gregory alone in the hall.

"Peter," he said. "You're a good sort, and I'm afraid I'd spoil the whole show. Promise you won't say a word about it."

Peter promised and Eddy went on:

"One of the bridesmaids is going to fix up like Julia, and she wants a man to be Jimmy, and they're going out the front door, and while they're driving away, Jimmy and Julia'll go out the back. See. Now get upstairs and get somebody's coat and pull a cap over your manly brow and be the bridegroom."

Fifteen minutes later Peggy, wrapped in a thick white automobile veil and a heavy cloak, found herself lifted bodily into the ribbon-decked motor car that was waiting for Julia and Jimmy. As she shook the rice from her hair and veil and settled comfortably back into one corner of the car, Peggy laughed.

"Peggy!" exclaimed the much overcoated young man.

"Peter!" exclaimed Peggy.

"I've dreamed of your sending for me," said Peter.

"I've always wanted you to take me by storm," said Peggy.

"But I didn't, dear."

"Neither did I."

But when Peggy slipped her hand into Peter's she lost her stubbornness and logical Peter forgot to be logical.

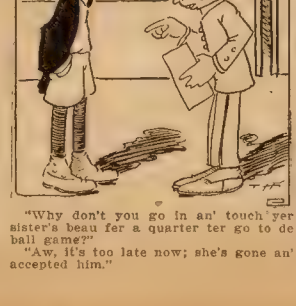
"I don't care how it happened, do you?" he said, and from Peggy's answer he knew that she didn't care either.

* * *

Mussel Mud.

On the shores of the bays of Prince Edward Island are vast deposits from five to twenty-five feet thick of "mussel-mud," the organic remains of countless generations of oysters, mussels, clams and other bivalves. The form of the shells is preserved, though crumbling to dust easily, and they are imbedded in dense deposits of a mud-like substance. This combination is a fertilizer of high value and potency,—supplying not only lime and organic matter, but small quantities of phosphates and alkalies. An ordinary dressing of it imparts fertility in a striking degree to the poorest and most exhausted soil. Its action is more permanent than that of most fertilizers, as the shells decay slowly.

* * *



"Why don't you go in an' touch yer sister's beau fer a quarter ter go to de ball game?"

"Aw, it's too late now; she's gone an' accepted him."

Wells for Filipinos.

Dr. Victor G. Heiser, director of health of the Philippines, brings an interesting story of the sanitary achievments of the United States in the islands. For the first time in the history of the archipelago the births exceeded the deaths last year.

This means that most of the fatal diseases have been stamped out as a result of the war on rats, by which the plague has been controlled; as the result of vaccination, which has exterminated smallpox, and of the drilling of artesian wells, by which control has been gained over the various intestinal diseases which have always in the past been productive of numerous deaths. Thus sanitation has followed the flag of the United States to a greater extent than it has followed that of any other nation, in all of whose tropical colonies the death rate still exceeds that of the births.

The demand for artesian wells in the Philippines has become so great that no member can be elected to the assembly who does not pledge himself in advance to do all in his power to procure these wells for his district. This is a remarkable reversal of sentiment, for when this type of wells was introduced the guileless Filipino exhibited great hostility, even engaging in riots in some sections, and in all insisting that water brought from the bowels of the earth was not fit for human beings to drink.

Going now to the opposite extreme, the people are attributing marvelous medicinal powers to it, and may be seen, according to Dr. Heiser, coming from all sections, by train, by carabao and on foot, with jugs and bottles, seeking the precious water to take home to some sick friend or relative. Second only to the demand for artesian wells is that for good roads, to obtain which all candidates for the assembly must also pledge themselves. But as a result of these demands the natives are becoming reconciled to the idea of taxation, from which they now feel they derive some concrete benefit.

* * *

Polite Drivers.

"I respectfully salute your lordship. It is truly a great honor for me that you condescend to use my cab. Will you kindly let me know where I am to leave you, my lord?" Thus, according to Le Matin, the Paris taxicab drivers now address their English fares. The cochers are taught English at a school of polite languages. There are now thirty pupils.

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Mr. Marcell is mailing out thousands of these books exposing the secrets of the whiskey trust on account of the trust's fight against him. Any one who is interested should write for the book, as it will be sent free.

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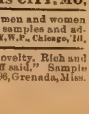

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THE PROPOSAL.

Young Tellum never amounted to a thing until he got into the life and accident insurance business. Then he made good in a hurry. That seemed to be just the business for him. For to young Tellum "no" meant no more than "yes." Further, he was endowed with a lot of confidence in his conversational powers. Besides, there was nothing diffident about him and he never hung on formality.

He was the sort of person who would propose to a girl on a souvenir postal card, take her acceptance for granted and tell her to meet him in front of the Behemoth Building to catch a car for the minister's. Then just as likely as not he would get to talking to the motorman on the way out—paying no attention to the sign telling passengers not to talk to the motorman—and would sell him a bunch of life insurance before he got off the car, even if he and the girl were carried a block or two past their stopping place.

This isn't saying that he did propose in the manner indicated, but he would have done so without the slightest hesitation if it had occurred to him.

The way he actually did propose is rather interesting. He sauntered over one evening to the home of a young creature named Petunia Biggs, who was put up like a Rubens masterpiece and talked low and gurgly like Maude Adams. Young Tellum liked Petunia. They sat down on a divan and looked at the pictures in a magazine in the conventional fashion until Petunia's parents noticed that it was going on toward nine o'clock and began to feel sleepy.

When they were all together young Tellum turned to Petunia with a mild grin and said: "I was looking around for a place to room today and I found that it costs about as much to get a furnished bachelor suite as it does to rent a flat. So I've decided to get married within a month, or two at the outside. How soon could you conveniently get your trousseau gathered together?"

Petunia shook her head. She said that in the first place she didn't care for him in that way, because she didn't like the manner in which he wore his hair and, besides, he had a funny walk. More than that, she didn't want to get married to anybody before spring, as her folks had promised to take her on a trip to California in January. Even that was not all, for only a few days before she had ordered some new calling cards which would go to waste if she were to get married. So once more she shook her head and told young Tellum most decidedly that they might as well talk about something else.

But did young Tellum take her "no" for answer? Did he? Just wait!

He whisked a little red book out of his pocket, "Let's see," he began, "how old were you at your last birthday? Oh, yes, I know, you're 24, because I overheard your mother telling somebody when she didn't know I was around. Now this table of probabilities here shows the average age at which men and women marry. Often I'll meet a man who says he doesn't care to take out any insurance because he isn't married and doesn't expect to be. We'll say that the man who says that is 24 years old. The chances are about thirty to one that within three years he changes his mind and gets married. And every year thereafter, up to a certain point, the chances that he will eventually marry are increased. Of course, there comes a time when he may be considered a confirmed celibate, if I may use a word that you probably do not understand, and from then on there is a decrease each year in his chances of matrimony.

"Now, let us turn over the page to the corresponding table relating to the marriage of women. Here we find that woman reaches the point where the chances are against her incurring matrimony a great deal earlier than does man. In other words, of all the women who have received a proposal of marriage at 24—your own age—only one in 187 ever receive another proposal. And only one in 342 is proposed to a third time after reaching the age of 24. The tables indicate that the chances are greatly diminished each year thereafter.

"You can see for yourself that inasmuch as you will be 25 at your next birthday you should not reject a proposal without giving the matter serious consideration. However, I should advise you against too much delay in arriving at a decision, for every day that you wait—every hour, in fact—reduces your chances just so much, in case you should decide to base your hopes of matrimony on an additional proposal.

"Frankly, I may say that I shall not repeat the proposal I have just made. Let us look at the proposition now in another way——"

But here young Tellum was interrupted by Petunia casting herself impulsively into his arms and saying that he was just a clever, sweet boy, so he was, and that she intended to accept him all along and would he want to have their brass jardiniere of ferns in the dinngroom or in the sittingroom of their flat?

The next evening they gathered around the little center table at Petunia's home and opened the bids young Tellum had received from the leading jewelry establishments on a ring conforming to Petunia's specifications.

List and Pocket.

The man stepped off a B. R. T. car and then executed a quick, halting act in the middle of the platform and dug his left hand into his right hand inside breast pocket. He brought out his pocket book and overhauled it laboriously. An expression of gloom overspread his features, and he pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead nervously. Then he went through his pockets in sequence. No go. He unbuttoned his vest and searched the inside pockets thereof. No tangible result. He removed his hat and plowed beneath the sweatband. Result, failure. Then he went over his pockets in sequence again. While he was thus engaged a cop edged over.

"Lost it all, hey?" asked the cop.

"'Fraid so," replied the citizen, with the large drops standing out on his forehead.

"Where d'je lose it?" inquired the cop.

"Ask me hard ones," said the citizen. He was still plowing around among the pockets.

"Were you bumped by any suspicious-looking geezers in a crowd?" asked the cop.

"Not that I remember," was the reply.

"Looks like you've got a pretty slim show of getting your money—" began the cop.

"Money?" exclaimed the pocket searching citizen. "Say, can you show me any affidavit setting forth that I've mentioned anything about money?"

"Why," said the cop, "wasn't it money that you—"

"Not on your life," said the citizen. "Never in a hundred years. It's a list of things my wife wants me to get and fetch back tonight that's crawled away from me. If it were nothing but money I wouldn't mind it a little bit. I could mortgage my house and lot, unbeknownst to her, or something like that, but I'll never be able to square myself if I don't lug home this bunch of things she wrote a list of. Might as well not go home at all. Might as well write her a farewell note, and—"

As he was speaking his right forefinger had wandered to the unused watch pocket of his trousers. The right forefinger struck againts a bit of paper. The citizen's countenance brightened. He pulled the piece of paper and opened it with the eagerness of a leading lady unfolding a property letter.

"I've got it," said to the cop. "She made it into a wad about the size of a two-cent stamp and there's—let's see—just 22 articles written on it that she wants and must have. And she stuffed it into a pocket I never knew I had until 12 seconds ago. Well, women——" and the citizen made a deprecatory gesture.

"Wimmen is the limit," said the cop.

Fishing for Iron.

The bottoms of many Swedish lakes are covered to a thickness of six or eight inches with fragments of iron ore of the size of peas. This lake ore consists chiefly of ochre, or hydrated oxide of iron, mixed with silicate and phosphate of iron, clay, sand and other impurities, and yields pig iron of very good quality.

The ore is obtained by very primitive methods. In winter a hole is cut in the ice, a scraper attached on a long pole is inserted and all of the ore within reach is collected into a heap beneath the hole. Some of the mud which has been scraped together with the ore is removed by stirring the mass with poles, and the ore is then scraped into bags which have been sunk and is hauled up.

In summer this curious mining operation is conducted in a similar manner from rafts anchored in the lake. Two miners can bring up about four tons of ore in a day. Steam dredges have recently been installed in a few places. About thirty years after the removal of the ore a new layer of the same thickness is found to have been produced by natural chemical processes.

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Wife—Yes. Why?

Husband—I want to tell you what I think of that new hat of yours.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

America's Name.

You have read in your histories about Americus Vespucius, whose name was Amerigo Vespucci and who had the new world named after him. Some of you may have heard why these two continents were called America instead of Columbia or Indiana or something else, but those of you who have heard have probably forgotten. The name, then, came from a map. Just four hundred years ago the "Introduction to Cosmography" was published. This was a queer old book that gave some information about geography. Some of the information was correct and much of it was not. It contained a map, and on the map was shown a queer bunch of land that no one now would recognize as our own country and our neighbors at north and south. But it was intended for the continental masses of the two Americas and on it was printed the name America. This name had been given because of the explorations of Amerigo Vespucci and his report of what he had seen. Because of the name and the map the learned folk of Europe began soon to speak of the new land as America, and so the name was fastened on the continents.

This was four hundred years ago. The anniversary of the publication of the cosmography was recently celebrated in the little city St. Dio, which is hidden away in the Vosges Mountains in France. The American ambassador and the consul-general in Paris went down for the celebration, for it was in this little place that the famous book was printed, and they wished to pay their respects to ancient history. There was a military review, an historical pageant and the installation of a tablet on the house where the map was drawn by the old geographer with the queer German-Latin name. There was also the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the great tower that is to be built on the peak of Mount Ormont, near St. Dio, and called America's tower.

Ancient Boats.

When workmen were clearing a place for the foundation of a new bridge across the Thames River in London they came upon the remains of an ancient boat. They took it carefully from the earth that had covered it for centuries, and in it they found, among other things, a coin of the end of the third century. This boat, the coin proves, was sunk about six hundred years before the time of the boat that was dug up a few years ago at Walthamstow and supposed to belong to the reign of King Alfred the Great. The condition of the older boat seems to show that a battle was fought in the Thames about sixteen centuries ago and that this was one of unfortunate vessels in the engagement.

Boats of the old vikings have been found in Norway and Denmark from time to time, and in Egypt ancient barges have lasted thousands instead of mere hundreds of years.

Tot Wit.

"Papa," said 4-year-old Grace one evening, "mamma whipped me today. I wish you hadn't married such a strict woman."

—

Small Helen took a cracker from a dish on the table and said, "Thank you." Turning to her mother she said: "Mamma, I'm getting so polite I thank myself."

—

"Do you say your prayers at night?" asked the Sunday School teacher of the new pupil, a little girl of 5.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"To whom do you pray?"

"Sometimes I pray to mamma's knees and sometimes to the bed."

Mother—Now, Bobby, you must not get into any fights with the neighbor's children.

Bobby—But, mamma, I've got to get acquainted with them some way.

Stealing Hornets' Nests.

Boys ought to know better than to steal hornets' nests, but they never will. Your grandfather used to do it, and your grandchildren will do it if they get a chance. It would not be so bad if boys stole only the nests from the hornets. That would be a crime and a sin, but it is not so bad as stealing the nest and the hornets, too. That is a blunder.

Two boys who were visiting in Pittsburgh went out into the suburbs for a holiday and found a hornets' nest. They got a pole and took it down from the branch where it hung, and they carried it carefully to the car line. The hornets were sleeping peacefully and were not disturbed in the least. They did not know they were kidnaped. They might not have known of it for a long time if the car had not suddenly turned a curve and jolted the nest to the platform, where the boys were standing. Then the hornets came out to see what had caused the earthquake, and they were angry enough when they saw what had happened. Of course, they did not know that the boys had stolen them. They knew only that they had been stolen, and they started to be revenged on all humanity.

They swarmed into the car and over the passengers, and the car was a scene of agony for about two minutes. The people that tried to get out through the rear door merely ran into a thicker cloud of hornets, and everybody was well stung. All the passengers got off the car except the two boys, whom the conductor had collared, and then the conductor kicked the empty nest off the platform and gave the motorman the signal to go ahead. The car did not stop until it had left all the hornets behind and then it stopped so that the conductor might turn the boys over to a policeman. They were taken to the police station, but they were so badly stung by their prizes that the inspector did not have them arrested but let them go home after a long and fatherly lecture.

Ancient Dolls.

The first dolls of which we have any knowledge were found among the treasure unearthed from the ruins of Babylon. They are small figures of terra cotta and ivory beautifully carved, and must have been fascinating playthings for the little Assyrian children.

The little girls of ancient Lydia had mechanical dolls. You are astonished at that, are you not? But they had, and the arms and legs were moved by pulling strings much after the fashion of jumping-jacks.

The dolls the "classic Greek" children played with were made of wax and clay decorated with bright colors. One kind had movable limbs, and its clothes were made to take off and put on. Every doll had a bed of its own. These dolls represented gods and heroes, but, whatever they were meant to represent, they were dressed with loving care by the little Greeks. As these children married when they were young, a girl played with the dolls until just before her wedding-day. Then she made a sacrifice of all her toys, dolls and clothes included. She dedicated them as a pious offering to some deity. If the little girl died before she was grown up, her dolls were buried with her. Thus it happens that we have been able to learn the kind and fashion of the dolls, which are now kept with great care behind glass doors in various museums, to which they have been taken from tiny tombs.

Even a homely woman looks good after you get used to her.

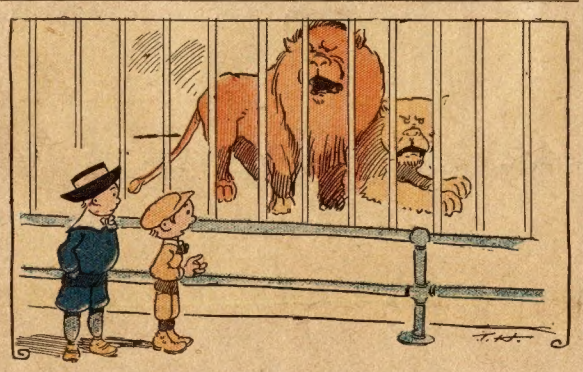
Teacher—Why, Willie, Willie! Have you forgotten your pencils again! What would you think of a soldier going to war without a gun?

Willie—I'd think he was an officer.

Lost.

Mildred was lost. You know how it is when you move to a new house. It is a day or two before you are sure which house you live in, especially if you live in a row where there are twenty houses all exactly alike except that some are nearer the street corners than others are. It was to such a row in Brooklyn that Mildred's family moved. Mildred is 3 years old and so her mother did not like to have her play in the street alone, but when big sister Alice, who is 5, is along it is all right. The two little girls played in the street one Sunday afternoon and Alice got tired and came in the house. Mildred stayed for awhile longer and when her mother went to look for her there was no Mildred. Then the neighborhood was aroused and the police were called in. Everybody thought some one had kidnaped the little girl. There were a dozen searching parties, but night came on and Mildred was not found.

Mildred's mother did not sleep much. She got up early in the morning and went to the front porch and looked up and down the street, and then she went to the back porch and looked up and down the rows of yards. Then she pricked up her ears, because she heard a sound of a child's crying. She called "Mildred!" and between her sobs Mildred said "What do you want?" Then the mother called everybody else out of the house and they all went to the place where Mildred's voice had come from. She was in the house next door, and there was no one else in the house. It was a new house, and the day before Mildred had wandered in through the open door when some one had been inside looking at the rooms. The door was shut before Mildred could make her presence known, and there she was, locked up next door to her own home, while all the street was searching for her. Well, her father got a key and let her out, and Mildred is going to be careful about going into strange houses.



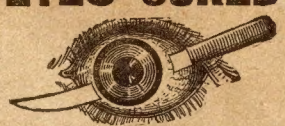
Little Tommy—Dem lions can't bite; deir teeth is pulled.
Little George—Dey ought to charge a dime t' see the dentist what did de job.

Superstitions.

The Japanese are a race of fisher folk and like all of their kind are superstitious, particularly regarding fish. Among the primitive races the men fish in large companies and when they go out upon the sea they shut up all their woman folk and forbid them to talk lest the fish hear and disapprove.

Another queer fishing custom and superstition of the olden time was connected with the first fish that was caught. This fish was taken into the house through a window that the other fish might not see and refuse to nibble at the bait.

EYES CURED



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WORDS.

Once upon a time, aged and ages and ages ago, there lived a man whose name was William Wiseman. He lived by himself on the top of a hill, and his only companions were a huge dictionary and all the nice interesting words inside, but every once in awhile he would give a word away. You see the people round about knew only a few words, and every now and then some of them would feel the need of a new word. Then they would go up to Mr. Wiseman and explain just the thing or feeling that they needed a word for, and if he saw that they really meant what they said he would be kind and pleasant and say: "My dear friends, you have really earned that word. I am delighted to give it to you," and then he would give them a word.

For instance, two children named Mabel and Franklin went to him one day, and Franklin said:

"Oh, please, Mr. Wiseman, I need a new word. Sometimes I see lines going straight up and down in people's foreheads. What is the name for that?"

Mr. Wiseman shook his head and said: "Dear, dear; you folks are always asking me for cross words, but I suppose I must give them to you if you earn them. The word you are looking for is "frown.'"

"I'll remember," said Franklin. "It's much easier to talk when you know new words, isn't it?"

"I want to ask for a word, too," said Mabel. "This morning Franklin gave me half of his cake, and when he acts that way I think I ought to know the name for it so that I can remind him to do it again. Now I have to say to him, 'Franklin, please act in your give-me-half-of-your-cakely way,' and that's so long."

"I see," said Mr. Wiseman. "The word you want is 'generous.' I'm glad that that word is going out into the world. I hope you'll find it useful. Both of you now tell me about the words I told you last time. Have they kept their meaning?"

So Mabel began to talk to Mr. Wiseman and while he held her on his knee and heard her tell how she had used the words she had earned, Franklin walked around the room looking at the interesting things Mr. Wiseman owned. At last he came to the big dictionary. He knew that no one was permitted to look inside the dictionary, for Mr. Wiseman said that if they took the words without earning them they would never know how to speak well, but somehow Franklin felt tempted to take just one peep. Mr. Wiseman was busy talking to Mabel, and they were both looking the other way. Quietly Franklin opened the big dictionary and at once he saw a new word he had never seen before. He spelled it softly to himself: "C-o-n-s-c-i-e-n-c-e."

"Conscience!" he repeated. "I wonder what in the world that means?" Then he shut the book hastily and went back to Mabel. "We'd better go now," he said.

All the way home Franklin kept wondering and wondering what the strange new word could be about. Somehow he didn't feel quite happy to have a word in his possession that didn't fit anything, and he wondered how he could possibly find out what it meant.

For a number of days he kept puzzling over the word, and whenever he saw a flower or an animal he had never seen before he thought: "Maybe that is called a 'conscience.'"

He did not dare talk to any one about the word, for he was afraid people would ask him how he happened to know a word that he had not earned, and so he kept on getting more and more worried and unhappy every day. He could not get the new word out of his mind, however hard he tried. At last he became so unhappy that his mother asked him what was the matter.

"I don't know," he said. "I have a strange new feeling that I've never had before, and I don't know the name of it."

"Why don't you ask Mr. Wiseman?" asked his mother.

"I believe I will," said Franklin, and that very day he set out again to see the old man on the hill.

"Good day," said Mr. Wiseman when he saw Franklin. "What kind of a word do you want to day? A pleasant one, I hope."

"No," said Franklin, "I don't believe it's a pleasant one. What is the name of the thing that makes you feel unhappy when you've done something you shouldn't have done?"

"Well, well," said the Wiseman; "I've often wondered when somebody would ask me that. The thing you ask about is conscience, and I'm glad that you have one."

"A conscience!" cried Franklin, startled. "Oh, I'm so glad I know what that means! You see, the reason my—my conscience troubled me was because I took a word out of your dictionary last time I was here. The word was 'conscience.' I've been wondering ever since what it meant."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Wiseman. "What a strange coincidence. But you see it doesn't do any good to know words you haven't earned by hard thinking."

"No," said Franklin, "they're only a bother. But, anyhow, I've earned this word now!"

Knicker—My wife is always praising the men she rejected for me.

Bocker—Never mind; she will praise you to her second husband.

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Great Ambitions.

Many of our small boys have an ambition to grow up and become street car conductors and policemen. The ambition of the small boy of Morocco is to become the bearer of the umbrella, which is an office of the highest dignity in the country. When the Sultan goes abroad some one walks close behind him and carries a great umbrella of scarlet and gold to shield his majesty from the rays of the sun.

Another great official is the fly flicker, appointed to shoo away all flies from the Sultan's person. The teamaker is a person of quite as much importance as the other two. He carries the teapot with great dignity and has everything ready to make a cup of sweet tea flavored with mint whenever the Sultan may ask for it, and he is as likely to ask for it one minute as another. American boys and men would think these positions silly, but the small boys of Morocco have no ambition greater than to occupy one of these when they grow up.

Good judgment is often a lucky guess.

A Trifle Too Good.

Chappie—I wish to—aw—purchase umbrella.

Dealer—Umbrella, sir; yes, sir. Here is something just out, sir—ten dollars.

Chappie—Oh, not that kind. I've got one of that kind, don't you know. I want something to use when it rains, don't you know.

A CURE IS WHAT YOU WANT

If You Are Sick of Experimenting—
Sick of Failures—Sick of Being Sick—

LET ME HELP YOU GET WELL

This Test Treatment And Medical Book FREE

My Reason For Making This Remarkable Offer

is a desire to increase my practice in your locality. I know there must be dozens of men and women near you and of your acquaintance who want to be cured, but who have given up in discouragement; local physicians have failed, patent medicines have proven worthless and they believe there is no hope for them. I want to make you a living testimony of my superior skill and remedies. I want you to prove to them there is a **CURE** when it is accomplished in your case. I want to brighten your cheeks with the bloom of health that others may see the wonderful value of my special remedies. This, dear friend, is why I offer you the Proof Treatment Free.

The Diseases I Specialize In Are:

Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel Disorders, Heart Trouble, Nervous Weakness, Catarrh and all other diseases arising from Impure Blood, Uric Acid conditions, etc. The common symptoms of these ailments are given in the coupon below. **Mark the ones you have.**

INDICATE YOUR SYMPTOMS HERE for FREE DIAGNOSIS

Indicate Your Symptoms opposite Disease with an X and Your Worst Symptoms with two XX.

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

DR. F. W. JIROCH, Chicago.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free as I can test it in my own case. I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment.

Name .....

State plainly Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Town .....

State .....

Street or R. F. D. or Box .....

Have you ever written me? ..... *What is your age?* .....

What is your disease?

.....

.....

It is distinctly understood that I will never ask you to pay for the proof treatment, letter of advice, diagnosis, or for answering your special questions. I will also send you my Medical Book containing valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc., all free—Absolutely Free—Write at once. Address,

Dr. F. W. Jiroch
Dept. 1006
533-535 So Wabash Ave.,
Chicago Ill.

- ___ If you are losing flesh.
- ___ If you take cold easily.
- ___ If your appetite is poor.
- ___ If you have rheumatism.
- ___ If you have sick headache.
- ___ If you have pain in the back.
- ___ If you are subject to malaria.
- ___ If you spit up mucus or slime.
- ___ If you are subject to biliousness.
- ___ If you are troubled with catarrh.
- ___ If your sleep does not refresh you.
- ___ If you feel weak and all run down.
- ___ If you have palpitation of the heart.
- ___ If you have heartburn and indigestion.
- ___ If you have weak lungs or cough much.
- ___ If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
- ___ If you belch up wind from the stomach.
- ___ If your hands and feet get cold easily.
- ___ If you spit up sour and undigested food.
- ___ If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
- ___ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
- ___ If you have specks floating before your eyes.
- ___ If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
- ___ If you have itching or burning of your skin.
- ___ If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
- ___ If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck.
- ___ If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.
- ___ If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged.
- ___ If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints.
- ___ If you get weak, nervous and trembling after slight exertion.
- ___ If you have twitching of the muscles, limbs, face and eyelids.
- ___ If you have too frequent desire to pass water, or if there is dribbling or painful urination.

FILL OUT This Application and Send in TODAY.

To Prove My Claims I'll Send a Treatment

Free to Test

I want you to try at my expense, not yours. All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. **Try at my expense.** You have nothing to loose.

I Want to Prove to Those People at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my cures by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

Send No Money

This treatment will be delivered by Mail, Postage Paid, right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, two cross marks X X before your worst symptoms, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

When I say that my treatments cure quicker and are superior to anything ever before offered for restoring Health, Vigor and Vitality, I am only repeating what hundreds of men and women are saying for me voluntarily.

"I have improved wonderfully in all my ailments and feel like a new person."
—MRS. T. M. DAVIS.

"I have great faith in your medicine. I am feeling all right now. I have told several of my friends about it."
—MRS. ADA HENDER.

"The Doctor used me fine. The medicine worked fine. My case was a little of everything—stomach in bad and weak condition, poor digestion, liver and kidneys not right, head felt bad all the time, poor blood and weak nerves. These things are all fixed up nicely. I found the Doctor fair and square."
—N. V. KAY.

"I will say under oath that Dr. Jiroch used me alright and grand. He treated me for general debility and I feel like a new man now."
—HENRY LORD.

"I wish to say that the Dr. Jiroch Co., is as reliable as can be found. They treated me right and fair and I am willing to recommend them. The Doctor cured me of pain across the back, headaches, impure blood, debility, neurasthenia and nervousness."
—LEVI S. MESSERLL.

"I will say that the Doctor is a perfectly reliable man. They treated me fair and alright. My testimony is genuine. I am willing to recommend the Doctor to anyone. He cured me of rheumatism."
—MRS. MINA A. BARBER.

This limited space permits me to mention only a few patients who first heard of me through an announcement of this kind. They wrote for a proof treatment. Now they are well. I will give you their complete addresses when I send you your Treatment.

Accept My Liberal Offer!

It places You under no obligation whatever to Me

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself *"If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try."* Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have, two cross marks XX before your *worst* symptoms, sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me today. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you. Address

Dr. F. W. JIROCH, *Dept.* 1006 *533 South Wabash Avenue* **Chicago, Ill.**

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best Specialist of modern times in his chosen field, makes you this liberal offer.